"Damaged Goods," page 1056.

Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

The Royal Example: Beards to Become Popular Again.

Will the beard come into fashion again? There are signs at Court that the example of his Majesty and Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg is likely to be followed somewhat extensively. King Edward, who wore a beard from the age of thirty, entirely failed to stop the unpopularity of the full-grown beard, which succeeded the "Dundreary" of the Fifties, and then disappeared almost entirely, except amongst the "old stagers." But King George may revive the short, crisp beard. The Duke of Leeds is one of His Majesty's followers in this respect. The Duke's beard is, of course, not quite of recent growth. The late Duke of Sutherland was another bearded aristocrat of the modern school. The latest courtier to grow a beard is Lord Ampthill, whose lady is in active attendance upon the Queen. Lord Ampthill is an ambitious man. He is leading the crusade against Lord Murray, and his influence at Court is considerable. Lord Ampthill is the tallest of our peers, and his new beard suits him admirably. There seems every probability of a hirsute change amongst loyal Britishers in the near future.

* * *

The Record Week of the Reign.

King George and Queen Mary can surely lay claim to being the most industrious monarchs this country has known. How the King gets through all his daily tasks is the wonder of the Court. His Majesty often changes his clothes half-a-dozen times a day, and yet he is never late, and never "flustered." The past week has given the world an example of what His Majesty is capable of in the way of real hard work. What with the Court, the levee, the dinners, plays, picture-galleries, church services, football matches and receptions, not to speak of the opening of Parliament, His Majesty has had the most arduous week of his reign. Nor does there seem to be much probability of his Majesty getting any respite from the toils of Empire before he is due in Paris with Queen Mary and the Prince.

* * *

Two Georgian Queens at Blackheath.

What time His Majesty watched the Rugger contest between England and Ireland at Twickenham, Queen Mary went down to Blackheath, to look over the Dartmouth Home for Crippled Boys. Old people can scarcely imagine Queen Mary at Blackheath without recalling the last time the Queen of a King George was in that neighbourhood. She was Caroline of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, wife of George IV. The "First Gentleman in Europe" had sent her packing to Blackheath less than three months after their wedding, and never did they live together again. George IV., then Prince of Wales, frankly told his wife she "could have who she liked," but when she took up with Sir Sydney Smith and Captain Danby there was trouble. Caroline was, perhaps, the most maligned Queen this country has had in the last three hundred years, but the people loved her, and followed her carriage wherever she went in their thousands. George IV., we fear, wasn't as popular as the historians have made us believe.

* * *

A Great Night for the Government Ladies.

The Court of last Friday week was a wonderful sight, and a tremendous crowd of noble ladies of the Radical aristocracy preened themselves in the Presence for the time. The Marchioness of Crewe, Lord Rosebery's [illegible] daughter, took a large batch of new "Ladies" under wing, and presented them one after the other as if could have gone on doing it all night. The new Viscou Bryce, wife of the ex-Ambassador to Washington, was chief presentation; and with Lady Bryce was also "[illegible] Strathclyde," whom you would scarcely believe was Ure not many weeks ago. (For Mr. Asquith it must admitted that he never forgets a friend who has suc in the Radical cause, and Mr. Ure's promotions lately have astounded even himself.) Then there was the Lady Reading (née Miss Cohen), wife of the Lord C Justice, who, as something of a blood kin to Lady C (through her mother, who was a Rothschild) of course found herself sponsored by Lord Rosebery's daug Lady Crewe also presented Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Mrs. William Smith, Mrs. Riddell Birdwood and Stanhope Cobbe. Mrs. Lloyd George had a lady to pre so had Mrs. McKenna, Mrs. Asquith, Lady Haldane, Runciman and Mrs. Harcourt.

* * *

Connaught of Scotland.

I hear that the young Connaughts have arrived mutual decision to spend a portion of each year in land. They are both anxious that when the name of has ceased to figure, as in due course it will (as a that of Connaught shall become equally familiar upon side. Prince and Princess Arthur will eventually their residence permanently in the old home of the family, and should there be a family of little Connau later, they are to be brought up as true Scots—a idea which no one who remembers that most of Prin Arthur's life has been spent in Scotland will cavil at will be not a little ironical, however, that the descend of that son of Queen Victoria who was specially given Irish dukedom to gratify the Irish will be of the Scottish!

* * *

The King and the Problem of Country-House Guests.

The *Daily Sketch* tells us, apropos of the King's visit to Lord Derby at Knowsley, that "the list of g has been drawn up and submitted to Their Majesties approval," and that "This is really only a matter of Which, of course, is not so. There is probably no which so troubles a host or hostess of Royalty as this m of the guests. A dozen nice people have got to be inv so that Their Majesties may be properly amused, and get bored. But who are to be invited and who left o the problem when certain members of the entourage of T Majesties have *got* to be included in any case. In families there are at least a dozen relations who take granted they will be included—and who won't! They snubbed, and are left sore ever afterwards. That is Their Majesties never go upon country-house visits to people. A Royal visit is a terrible poser except to those old families who have entertained the monarchs for turies, and have not got to be told what is expected, what not.

* * *

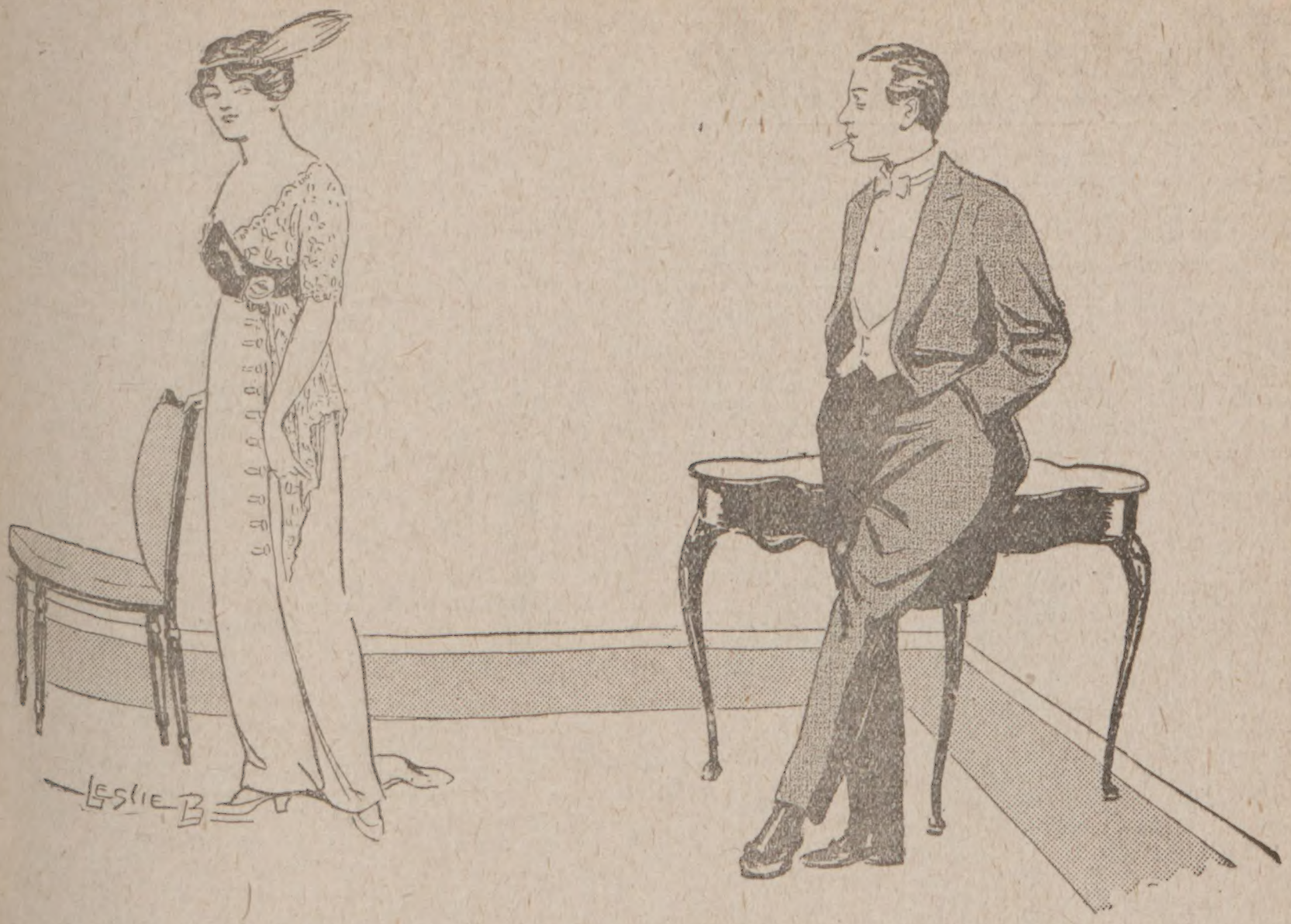
Why King George Never Meets New People.

Moreover, it is not the custom for hosts of Their Majes to draw up lists of the guests to be invited. Technic the King does not stay anywhere as a "guest." Majesty "commands" either of his friends when he hon him with a visit, and therefore the King himself nomin the other persons who are to meet him. These are all familiars of His Majesty, and no stranger is ever inc King George is the most genial of fellows with those knows, but he is very shy of strangers, not liking obvious embarrassment at meeting the Sovereign. The likes to feel absolutely at ease with everyone, hence Majesty makes no new friends at all. There was a co instance of the King's interpolation in the lists of guest a country-house party not long ago.

* * *

King George and Mrs. Hartmann.

As most people know, one of the late monarch's o friends was Mrs. Hartmann. After King Edward's d that lady fell upon hard times, and had even to sell s of her magnificent jewellery in order to settle some pi debts. Her tenancy of her rooms in Hampton Court Pa had to be ended, and the lady retired to Paris. Hartma ment in England, however, greatly grieved Mrs. Hartma and when her plight was brought to King George's



GOOD ENSUGH.

She (sarcastic): "I suppose she's all the world to you?"
He: "Well, no! But just enough of it for me—£5,000 a year and an Elizabethan mansion."

His Majesty took a peculiarly pleasing way of righting that lady's wrongs. Their Majesties were then due at Holkham, the state[illegible] Norfolk seat of the Earl of Leicester, and when the list of guests for the house party was being drawn up King George himself interpolated the name of Mrs. Hartmann, and when the list reached Holkham Hall, Lord Leicester, though immensely surprised at it, immediately sent off His Majesty's invitation to Mrs. Hartmann, and that lady duly turned up at Holkham for the Royal visit. The Court, we may add, is full of stories of similar graceful and unexpected acts of His Majesty.

* * *

People who were NOT at the Spencer - Peel Wedding.

The Peel wedding was remarkable for the entire absence of the Asquithians. Earl Spencer, the bride's father, is the head of one of the most important families in the Old Nobility of England. The Duke of Marlborough, and hundreds of other members of the aristocracy, are really Spencers. The Peels, too, are a great political family, and though not "old," are high up amongst the blooded classes in this country, having had a Prime Minister as forebear. His descendant, Sir Robert Peel, Bart., was not amongst the smart crowd at Brington Church last Wednesday. Sir Robert has had rough times and very hard luck for years past, and it has been as much as he could do to keep hold of Drayton Manor, the historic seat of the great Sir Robert, most of the land thereabouts having been sold in bits by the present baronet in order that he may keep his head above water. So the crowd of wedding goers last Wednesday was a peculiarly respectable lot.

* * *

Asquithian Coronet on a Blue-Blooded Head.

The Asquithians, therefore, were conspicuous by their absence. As has so often happened, your political hacks may get titles for party services, but they rarely find themselves on terms of familiarity with the Old Nobility. Probably the only member of Mr. Asquith's peerage who ranks with the "best people" is Lord St. Davids. His Lordship is one of our racing peers, and is the thirteenth baronet of his family. How it ever happened that he came to accept an Asquithian coronet we have never been able to understand. The Phillippses of Roch Castle in Pembrokeshire are amongst the oldest bearers of a baronetcy, so that Lord St. Davids, for all his brand-new coronet, counts amongst the blue-bloods of the first rank. He married a daughter of the late Mr. Gerstenberg, and he is wealthy. His bets have of late been up for discussion in a prominent sporting case before the High Court, and what affinity Lord St. Davids has with the twentieth century nobility we do not know.

* * *

Some Famous Anglo-American Ladies

For the last twenty years there has been much speculation in Society about the merits of the various well-known ladies from America who play great parts on this side. The most prominent of these is undoubtedly Lady Randolph Churchill. Nobody, twenty years ago, would have supposed that Jennie Jerome would not only have provided this country with one of its most interesting hostesses and lady politicians, but would have mothered a lad who was destined to be Prime Minister of England (as Winston Churchill undoubtedly is, if he lives long enough). The Duchess of Marlborough is another great lady who, in spite of her matrimonial infelicity, has made for herself a wonderful position, and to-day ranks with Royalty in her noble efforts on behalf of the "poor and suffering." But the most complete success socially amongst the dollar princesses is undoubtedly the Countess of Granard.

* * *

Dollar Princess as Britain's Smartest Hostess.

This charming woman, once Miss Ogden Mills, an American millionairess, figures to-day at the top of the list of popular hostesses. Lord Granard, of course, is a Liberal peer; and ever since the present Government came into power he has been Master of the Horse. Lord and Lady Granard can count upon Their Majesties dining with them at least once every season, and Lady Granard has nothing to learn as a hostess of Royalty from any of her sister peeresses. Lady Granard's grandfather, the late Darius Ogden Mills, was a great American financier and philanthropist, and his fortune of between ten and twelve millions sterling was divided between his son, Lady Granard's father, and his daughter, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the widow of the late well-known American ambassador to this country.

Lord and Lady Granard are, therefore, amongst the most fortunate members of the Peerage, and as Mr. Whitelaw Reid's only daughter is the wife of the Hon. John Ward, of Dudley House, Park Lane, it is worth noting that a very large slice of Darius Ogden Mills's fortune has come to this country.

* * *

Sir Stuart Samuel's Hard Luck.

It is a time-honoured principle in the law that judicial decisions should be founded upon precedent, and one Judge's ruling is held to govern the ruling of subsequent judges in similar cases. However, precedent is sometimes conveniently forgotten. Sir Stuart Samuel's case brings curious remembrances. Sir Stuart, who is Member of Parliament for Whitechapel, and one of our Jewish knights, has just been mulcted in £13,000 for having voted in the House of Commons on a matter touching the Government's silver contracts, whilst he was interested in such matters as a partner of the firm which has the silver contracts with the Government. We make no comment whatever upon Sir Stuart Samuel's case. It is undoubtedly an important matter to our public life that members of the House of Commons should not vote upon matters in which they have a financial interest. But there have been others.

* * *

The Gibbs Brothers and the Chilian Warships.

Some years ago, when the Bank of England had as its Governor one Mr. Hucks Gibbs, a very able and philanthropic gentleman, he had two sons sitting in Parliament. One was Mr. Alban Gibbs, who was Member for the City of London; the other was Mr. Vicary Gibbs, who was Member for Mid-Herts. All the three Gibbses were partners in the great financial house of Anthony Gibbs and Sons, of Bishopsgate Street, whose deals often run into millions sterling, and who rank with the Rothschilds and the Barings in the character of their undertakings. Now, there were two British warships for sale, and they were sold to the South American republic of Chili for some two million pounds, Messrs. Anthony Gibbs and Sons being privately entrusted with the deal. Mr. Hucks Gibbs's two sons both voted in the House on this matter; and when one of the Irish members (Mr. Swift MacNeill, if we remember right) called attention to the fact, the two Gibbses were promptly called upon to resign their seats.

* * *

No Penalties Save a Peerage.

The Gibbses, who were great cronies of Mr. Balfour, resigned their seats, and immediately "went to the country." Mr. Alban Gibbs (now Lord Alde... was returned by his former constituents with, we b... an increased majority; but his brother in Mid-Herts rejected, though not by any means on account of Chilian warships, but because he had neglected the co... ency, or was otherwise no longer very popular there. Hucks Gibbs, the father of the two members, was ra... Peer by Mr. Balfour as "Lord Aldenham," and b... being called upon to resign their seats in Parliament Gibbs brothers suffered no other penalties for their bro... the rules of the House, and such "breach" was regard... a merely technical affair—the Gibbs brothers being ... sally credited with ignorance of the rule.

Mr. Balfour stuck by the Gibbs brothers through ... and thin, and to this day is the best of friends with both. In fact, he dined with Alban Gibbs, Lord Alde... at the City Carlton Club as recently as last Wedne... night, for we saw him with our own eyes. Now, what difference between the cases of Sir Stuart Samuel and Gibbs brothers? There may be a difference, but we ... see any. It may be that Sir Stuart Samuel was as ig... of the rule of the House as were the Gibbs brothers ... not?

* * *

An Eccentric Family.

The marriage the other day at St. Peter's, Eaton S... of Miss Eleanor Tollemache, second daughter of Mr. ... Tollemache, to Captain E. Hayes-Sadler, son of Sir ... Hayes-Sadler, Governor of the Windward Islands, ca... tention to an old and distinguished family, which is known for a well-deserved reputation for eccentricity for any other characteristic. The bride's father is presumptive to the baronetcy of his second cousin the of Dysart, a peer with many peculiarities and great w... whose earldom and barony of Huntingtower will ... herited by his niece, Mrs. Owain Greaves. With baronetcy will go much property, including historic House at Richmond, but the future Countess of Dysart possess a historic abode in Bosworth Park, Leicester... where Richard III. slept the night before Bosworth ...

* * *

Bonfire of Pictures, and Dogs and Cats in B...

One peculiarity of the Dysart Tollemaches runs ... direction of many and high sounding Saxon Christian ... and when they are married the officiating cleric, in ... that there may be no confusion, reads the names ... sheet of paper. With this precaution the ceremony is ... off without a hitch. A very eccentric personage was the Countess of Dysart, in her own right. Late one ... she sent an urgent message to a famous London sur... requesting him to come at once, and he, thinking ... Countess was hurt, arrived in the middle of the ni... find that her lap-dog had broken its leg! Her son, ... Huntingtower, on purchasing an estate, and large ma... with a lot of fine paintings, had a huge bonfire made ... them because he said he already had enough pictures. ... not so very long ago another of the family, the ... Lord Dysart's father, who had separated from his wife ... had been induced in common justice to allow her to ... draped the gates and portico of Ham House with ... cloth, and decorated the legs of every animal on the ... with black—dogs, cats, cows, and horses—for her recent

* * *

A Veritable Museum.

Ham House is a lovely place, crammed with valu... pictures and miniatures, superb old furniture, chand... grates, fire-irons, and tables of solid silver, mirrors ... in massive silver, and a library containing numerous ... tons, but few, unfortunately, are privileged to inspect ... magnificent rooms, rich in reminiscences of stirring ... and associated with names famous in history. The ... sion is much as it was in Charles II.'s time. Nothing ... been changed in the magnificent "Cabal" room, ... the secret cabinets of the notorious Cabal—Clifford, Ash... ton, Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale—were ... in the State apartments, which are representative of ... pomp, splendour, and extravagance of Stuart days. ... are portraits by Vandyck, Reynolds, and Lely, ... Chelsea china, old Persian carpets, innumerable ... de vertu, and historical relics, the latter including ... hair of Elizabeth's ill-fated favourite Essex, and ... I.'s prayer-book. Though the Dysart Tollemaches ... enormously wealthy, Ham for years was in a dilapi... state, and its priceless contents going to ruin. So ... care was taken of them that a glorious Reynolds, a ...

"And what did you most enjoy in France, Mrs. Newrich?"
"Well, I think it was the French pheasants singing the 'Mayonnaise.'"

DIPLOMATIC.

She: "Don't you think it's disgraceful for a woman to expose herself in an X-ray gown?"
He: "Oh, it depends on how one looks at it!"

Louisa Lady Dysart just referred to, had a hole through it by a door handle! Ham House is haunted. Charles I., the superstitious say, haunts an avenue, and in a certain room a dreadful old woman once terribly frightened a child by scratching the wall by the fire-place. Search was made on the spot, the papers were found which proved, it is said, that the "wicked Countess of Dysart" had murdered her husband in order to marry the Duke of Lauderdale.

* * *

"Whipping Boy's" Record.

The origin of the Dysart title is very interesting, the first Earl having been William Murray, son of a Kirk minister at Dysart, Fifeshire, who had the good fortune to be "whipping boy" to Charles I. The "whipping boy's" uncle was a Royal tutor, and through his influence his nephew was appointed to the office—one greatly coveted as it often led to preferment, as in this case. Prince Charles, a delicate child, took a great fancy to the deputy who had to suffer for his delinquencies, and studied much better than he would otherwise have done to save from punishment his "whipping boy," though the latter must have been a contemptible little cur, judging by what he proved as a man—insinuating, treacherous, revengeful, betrayed a traitor, and harpy. The "whipping boy," transmitted his bad traits to his daughter Elizabeth, "the wicked Countess of Dysart," a beautiful profligate woman, whose second husband was the notorious first and only Duke of Lauderdale. The Duchess lived at Ham House, and her boudoir where she thought out her cunning schemes in privacy is practically unchanged since her day.

* * *

The Princess of Thurn and Taxis.

Josephine Princess of Thurn and Taxis, who has lately been in the public eye as prosecutrix in rather a strange case, is a charming American. She hails from the Southern States, and being left an orphan while quite young, went on the stage, upon which she is well-known in Chicago and other cities. Princess Josephine married Prince Victor of Thurn and Taxis, an Austrian prince of the junior branch of the noble and illustrious family, which once had the monopoly of the postal services of Germany and Austria, indeed of half Europe.

* * *

A Lucrative Monopoly.

A Prince of Thurn and Taxis generations ago obtained the hereditary position of Postmaster-General for more than half of Europe, with princely emoluments, and it is only comparatively recently that the right was surrendered, the family being duly compensated. There is, of course, no small state or principality of Thurn and Taxis, as might be imagined, though at one period the Princes of Thurn and Taxis owned vast possessions in half a dozen Continental countries.

* * *

Who Bought Canford Manor?

"As Sir John Guest," said the *Daily Mirror*, "Lord Wimborne purchased Canford Manor, one of the show-places of Dorsetshire, for £200,000—sent by cheque and a letter of five words with his signature." But the worthy peer, who has just died, was Sir Ivor Guest before being made Lord Wimborne; moreover, it was his father who, when he bought Canford Manor from the first Lord de Mauley, sent an ordinary cheque for the whole purchase money to him by post, not even registering the letter!

Lord Wimborne's father, Sir Josiah John Guest, made a well-known remark, which has been attributed to various persons. A nobleman of most distinguished lineage, but possessed of bad manners and few brains, referred to him as the grandson of a blacksmith. The rich ironmaster did not deny the fact, but cuttingly retorted that if the nobleman's grandfather had been a blacksmith he would have been one too.

A paragraph in the *Pall Mall Gazette* is headed "More Lies." Journalistic candour!

* * *

"Miss Marie Tempest Breaks a Record," says a headline. We didn't know that she had deserted the stage for gramophone-singing. But what else can one expect when the tempest roars?

MORE OR LESS.

The Old-Young Ones.

It seems rather hard just when we have a race of old-young men springing up among us, insisting on their right to wed and make merry generally all round, hanging on to the maypole of life with more zest than the youth of twenty, that so distinguished a male specimen as Sir Ernest Shackleton should state that a man is at his best between thirty and forty. And it must be cold consolation to these old-young ones to learn also, from a distinguished scientist this time, that on the other hand no woman is really capable of love till she is over forty. Why a woman should have such power dealt out to her at a time when few people care whether she has it or not is one of the mysteries of life. Most men, especially an old-young one, would sooner capture a novice of twenty in the school of love than a graduate of thirty-nine. The passionate matron really does not seem necessary to the general scheme of things. But then neither does the elderly lover. A cupid who feared draughts on account of his rheumatics would be unthinkable. Love, to be worth anything, must be a perfect Dreadnought.

* * *

Hullo, Turkish Delight.

The telephone has invaded Turkey. Thus does the finger of progress turn down another page of romance. But it seems hard all the same to imagine Fatima sitting cross-legged before hundreds of little plugs, and in the intervals of eating sweets, answering mechanically "Engaged" in the approved English manner. Hard, too, is it to imagine the pearl of the harem calmly ringing up her lover instead of sending him, by mysterious ways, messages through the hand of a slave. But so it is, and the land of the Crescent (which emblem of Turkey I have always found it difficult to understand, considering it is a land where women to be beautiful must all possess full moon faces and figures) will be able to order the next revolution by telephone. Thus does East meet West—in spite of Kipling.

CUPID CALLS THE TUNE.

She: "What's the matter? You're wearing a blank look."
He: "And you, my dear, haven't much on besides a vague smile."

A Bridal Won't.

It is not often one hears of a forced marriage in these... Most bridegrooms, whatever their private feelings or... matter, contrive to look fairly cheerful and willing on... sacrificial day, while the brides, whatever methods of... they may have adopted to capture their prize, hide the... Jack under white satin and orange-blossom. But... little village in Russia—I forget its name, but you... sneeze before you say it—comes the tale of a beautiful... who at the steps of the altar discarded her veil, and... "No, he's too ugly, I will not marry him!" took to her... and fled. But alas! there was no Muscovite Lochinvar... ing at the door to help her escape. Rather the bridegroom... friends captured her there and dragged her back, willy-... to be made a wife. One wonders rather which of his... rights the husband first exercised when he got her home.

* * *

Potential Messalinas.

"Man's instinct is to kill, woman's to kiss"—... feminine novelist. But isn't it rather the other way about... It is woman's instinct to kill the man who has loved... tired, it's man's instinct to kiss the pretty toy he has got... tired of holding. It is so much less trouble to kiss a woman... than to kill her, and no man wants to be energetic over... worn-out love affair. He is far too bored. The past... to possession where a man is concerned is "damn."... women can be very cruel to the people who hurt them... All history, let alone fiction and real life, goes to prove... If you ask me, every woman is at heart a potential Messalina.

* * *

A Noble Boke off Cookry.

Someone recently made me a present of what is supposed... to be the oldest cookery book in the world. The old English... spelling is almost as difficult to decipher as Sanskrit, but... it makes fascinating reading. There are recipes for the... cooking of lampreys and swans, venison, carp and eels, not... to mention curlews and larks. Menus besides are given of... the dishes served at the coronation and other feasts of the... early kings. One wonders rather, glancing through the... never-ending list of eatables, how the most hardy managed... survived. No wonder the Curfew was instituted. I suppose... it was our modern equivalent to "time." The man who... could eat the thirty-eight undigestible dishes provided for... the coronation banquet of King Henry V., with sweets, game and soups and fish of all descriptions cropping up at every sad moment, must have had a digestion a Rockefeller would give a million for. An ordinary noble's dinner for the month of February is given as follows: Brawn with mustard; gruelle; beef; pestelles of pork; swane; lamb; heron; wegions; ptuche; quaills; fritures; wayfurs and ypocras. They did themselves well in the good old days, didn't they? No wonder they went and robbed a neighbour's hen-roost—I beg pardon, castle—when the household bills fell due.

LOUISE HEILGERS.

The *Evening News* says that "Umgeni, from which the boat takes its name, is a seaside suburb of Durban," and that "the correct pronunciation of Umgeni is 'Oomjeny,' the accent being on the second syllable, and the end of the word having the same sound as 'any.'" This is absolutely correct, except that Umgeni is the name of a river (the prefix "Um" always denoting a river) and that the "seaside suburb" of the same name is a shabby village or hamlet a couple of miles from the mouth of the river, whose name is pronounced "Um-gay-ny." However the *Evening News* did get the accent in its right position, so we musn't grumble.

* * *

Of a French girl who has disappeared from Putney the *Evening News* says: "On one of her thumbs she was a cicatrix." Cicatrix, we presume, is the feminine of acrobat.

* * *

The *Times* dramatic critic is anxious to know the meaning of the verb "to biff." Asking for it!

* * *

A correspondent in the *Daily News*, talking about harbourers, says "bacca" is "Low Latin for vacca, a cow." We didn't know a cow could low in Latin, but no doubt she does cud if she chews.

* * *

"Surbiton Golf Club Pavilion was destroyed by fire on Sunday night. . . . The building was composed principally of wood and iron."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Suffragettes again, no doubt! But we don't see why our staid contemporary should follow their example in playing golf with an inoffensive club-house.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

Is the wife of a kinematograph magnate aware of the deep concern her husband has for his leading lady? It is, of course, always pleasing to see an employer showing an interest in the welfare of his employees, but people begin to talk when the one singled out for attention happens to be particularly young and charming, and the employer a married man with a family.

* * *

For instance, there is no reason why he should take her out to dine, or lend her his motor, nor is there any necessity when she has been away for a few days to escort her home. Still kinema people have peculiar ideas as to what is fit and proper in everyday life, and it may be added that the leading lady's mother apparently does not in the least object to her daughter receiving lover-like attentions from her employer.

* * *

Mr. Justice Darling's remarks in the Adam case, anent confidential reports, should be the death-knell of that iniquitous system. A superior officer, he stated, had it absolutely in his power to ruin another, and through holders of his Majesty's commission are supposed to be "gentlemen" and above a mean action, some have not failed to take advantage of the power given them. In the hands of unscrupulous men the system has become legalised libel.

*

Many a fine career has been ruined by a senior jealous of a promising junior. Over and over again the system has been condemned, yet it has lingered on, so both are the War Office are the War make barnacles to though changes, it has been obvious that the confidential report has done much to induce young fellows to look elsewhere than the Army for a profession.

*

Said Mr. Lester Drummond, the South Western Court magistrate: "It does not pay to make a joke with a police constable, because it may be misunderstood." It certainly does not pay, as a suburban doctor, annoyed at being disturbed in the night by a policeman on a trivial matter, has found out. He poured some water down his speaking tube, and though there were no proceedings, it is understood that one way and another the matter cost a good deal to "square."

* * *

Lord Scarbrough, who wants a licence for a restaurant at Skegness-on-Sea, where he will retail chops and steaks to hungry visitors if he gets the consent of the local Bench, is a peer tenacious of his rights as a landlord. He owns much land at this rising Lincolnshire seaside resort; indeed the whole place apparently belongs to him, judging by the offensive notices which were prominently displayed three years ago, and doubtless are now.

* * *

One board in a select road informed all and sundry that the road was the private property of the Earl of Scarbrough, and that the public were only permitted there on sufferance; the promenade, too, is the Earl's, and used by the public on sufferance only; a third notice stated that the gardens were the Earl's private property, etc., and a fourth—but notice boards telling the public that they were there only on sufferance were ubiquitous.

* * *

And when the bewildered visitor wandered along the beach to get away from a "sufferance territory," the earl was found still omnipotent, for there was another notice, together with the intimation that dogs would be trapped! In private life Lord Scarbrough is a very decent fellow, a good sportsman and pleasant host, but an arrogant display of his rights as the landlord of Skegness is not calculated to raise him in the estimation of the public.

* * *

"AFTER THE GIRL."

If Colonel Ross of Cromarty does receive from the Arbitration Court sitting at Edinburgh rather more than the value of his land which the Admiralty wants for batteries on Cromarty Firth, he deserves it. In the Boer War he was terribly injured, being shot through the throat and jaw, the lower part of which was smashed, and nothing but indomitable pluck pulled him through the awful suffering that followed. Some compensation was a C.B., but little enough.

* *

When the war broke out Colonel Ross was on Sir Power Palmer's staff in India, but he relinquished his appointment to accompany Sir Hector Macdonald to the seat of war after the "black fortnight." The gallant officer, a Durham Light Infantryman, retired in 1908 after thirty-one years' service, though he could have remained on the active list for another seven years. Since his retirement Colonel Ross has done good work for the Territorial Force Association of Ross and Cromarty, in which counties he owns extensive estates.

* * *

When are the card scandals at Cambridge going to be exposed? Will not a Lord's son "go under" when this occurs? How long are he and his cronies going to be allowed to prey upon the gullible freshmen by means of every dirty sharper's trick?

* * *

What is the scandal connected with the middle-aged English Society lady residing in Florence? Is it that she has a passion for artists rather than art, and will she, as she has promised, succeed in pushing forward the young artist who has gained a travelling scholarship in Italy?

* * *

What is the real nature of the business carried on by three of the cafés situated in the precincts of the Stock Exchange? Are not the back apartments in two instances furnished in a gorgeous oriental manner entirely out of harmony with their modest exteriors?

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

"DAMAGED GOODS."

Somebody asked me the other day what I mean by daring to say unpleasant things about what I have called "the Victorian era of blessed memory." I replied that I mean just this—that the Victorian age, the crinoline days as they have aptly been called, was an age in which England was inhabited by some thirty or more millions of people, hardly one of whom had a proper conception of life and what life really means. I do not, I need hardly say, refer to the *oi polloi*, the masses of the people, who, before the days of education, could not be expected to know anything about life in its essence; although it is perhaps true, in one way of speaking, that within severe limitations they knew as much about life as so-called cultured people—for at any rate in their limited capacity they lived in closer touch with nature and art than did many of the so-called leaders of thought. But I must take the leaders of thought and through them the educated, cultured classes of society, if I want to find out the meaning of any particular age. I must go to the seventeenth century if I want to learn what is the conception of life in a literary age, if I want to get it thoroughly rammed into my mind that only in the highest literature and art can I find a true expression of life, just as surely as I must go to the Victorian age if I want to find a literature and art that is founded on wrong ideals, leads people all astray as to the true meaning of things, and therefore represents the low-water mark of life at the very centre of its being. And I say that the Victorian age was sloppy, and sentimental, and material, and utterly wrong, because the leaders of the age from Victoria and Palmerston and Disraeli and Gladstone to Tennyson and Mrs. Henry Wood and Millais and W. P. Frith; and the authors of "Dundreary" and "Caste" and "Our Boys" and "Sweet Lavender," were, with all their gifts, but blind leaders of the blind. The Victorian age taught people that materialism and conquest, and hypocritical religion and sentimentality, and the painting of a broomstick or a rose exactly as a photographic lens would represent them to be, were the be-all and the end-all of existence. The Victorian age, in a word, made Respectability the god of life; and Respectability being the falsest god that was ever uplifted before a credulous people, that age was a disgrace to England and will be the laughing-stock of posterity, just as it is the laughing-stock of much of the intellect of to-day. And the Victorian age was so fated to be wrong, that when the triumphs of science came along and began to wash away some of the refuse, those very triumphs were turned towards mean things—towards the decay of what little worship of truth and poetry and mysticism we had left, towards the worship of the gods of Mammon and Moloch. The art of losing the infinite in search of the finite was the brute art of the age of dear old respectable Victoria. A too thorough acceptance of the doctrine of free-will led us, as a brilliant and disgusted young mind once put it, to confuse a knowledge of facts with the realisation of truth, without realising the importance and vitality of facts at all.

And how are we to-day in these things? Take dramatic art; one of the greatest of the arts if properly understood—for it is impossible in a short article to deal with more than one phase of a subject. We have got far away from the sort of thing we saw in "Our Boys" and "Sweet Lavender"—the notion that it is the duty of the dramatist to put on the stage little sermons on the preciousness of a goody-goody life, and to depict the idea that goody-goodiness leads to material welfare and therefore to Heaven on earth and Heaven in Heaven. We have got far away from the notion that it is the duty of the dramatist to put on the stage characters who are no more like life than a dissenting minister is like St. Francis of Assisi. But though getting better in this regard, we seem to be running the risk of going backward again, through fear. We began the new development of the drama by turning up our eyes in horror at Arthur Pinero, when, rightly discarding the sentimental sloppiness of "Sweet Lavender," he put on the stage, in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," a prostitute who was no more like a prostitute than Pinero is like Bernard Shaw. Yet, let it be said to Sir Arthur's credit, the author of "Tanqueray" had at any rate the gumption to see that he must do things gradually in such a respectable, hypocritical, censor-ridden country as England is; and it was much better to put even a respectable prostitute on the stage than none at all. A dramatist, after all, can go very much in advance of public opinion, even if public opinion is utterly wrong. And although it seems hardly possible, we must remember that "Tanqueray" (incidentally a big fortune) was rejected by such a to-date (at that time) manager as John Hare, who felt he would be terrified at the very idea of what the English would think of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," so it was that genial and great actor in the Victorianism of Robertson, in which he had been brought up.

But although, through Bernard Shaw and John worthy and poor dead Stanley Houghton (and others) have got far in advance of the very moderate daring of "Tanqueray," our stage is still, comparatively speaking, Victorian, and will be so long as we have a stupid opinion that endures a stupid and nonsensical convention. That is the reason why it was necessary that M. Brieux's fine play, "Damaged Goods," should produce M. Brieux's fine play, "Damaged Goods," should private performance in London, instead of before the people of the people at one of our public theatres. You will observed that this private performance was attended by a crowd of honoured and intellectual and cultured people whom the great respectable British public would be too glad to receive at their houses—before whom they would probably bow and scrape, and even black their boots if they had the opportunity of doing so. The play, too, (as M. Brieux, the author, insisted on having announced before the curtain went up), contained, it goes without saying, not one obscene word or one scene that (properly speaking) could bring the blush of innocence to one's mother. Yet it was necessary to produce it in private (not yet, in a way, of course, in public), and it was found that some respectable old nasty-minded titled Victorian in the audience so terribly horrible that, before it was over, he had to get up in his excitement and leave the theatre, shouting as he did so the words, "I can't stand any more." That expresses the thing. That is the immortal text upon which Victorianism was founded, and in the by-products of which we are living with all our "intellectualism," wallowing to our damnation. Unless you allow art, and above all the arts of the drama and literature, to take right hold of the things of life and put them before the people, and separate the wheat from the chaff, and hold aloft, so that all may see, the reality of beauty and truth and a proper conception of life, you are going backward and not forward in the evolution of humanity. Prostitutes! We mustn't put them on the stage—oh, dear, no! We mustn't tell the truth, that hundreds and thousands, and more than that, of men from the highest in the land to the lowest in the land are reeking with syphilis. Oh, dear, no! We must not show the bright and beautiful young girl that life is a beautiful thing, and can only be made beautiful through the right direction of life and the mystic beauty of life, and that she is being tricked and trapped into marrying a syphilitic man under the banner of the romantic sentimentality of Tennyson and (partly) Dickens. We mustn't tell beautiful young boys, with all the vigour and romanticism of youth, that life is to taste and see all the glorious things that life can be, that women are not all angels without wings, but that some of them are rotten with the venereal disease that our conventional ideas of morality and religion have helped to bring about. Oh, dear, no! Oh, dear, no! We must keep one burst of light, reached through the travail and the pain and the sorrow of the decadents of the nineteenth century, back, back, back to the wretched veneer of good Victorian reign, and shrink with horror from the exquisite truth, as in an exquisite sentence by even a Puritan like Milton, "we cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat."

JONATHAN GRUB STREET.

We learn that there are eight M.P.'s who still draw their salaries of £400 per annum. Conscience!

* * *

Turkish telephone girls, we learn, are to have their faces covered while on duty. The subscribers will have to keep their hair off as usual.

* * *

A baby in Devonshire has swallowed a watch-spring. Perhaps then, one swallow does not make a spring. Perhaps it will serve as a spring medicine.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

First servant: "And are you satisfied with your new mistress?"

Second servant: "I don't know yet. She's like me—on her best behaviour for the first few days."

* * *

Bridegroom: "Didn't I look like a fool when I was at the altar rail?"

Best Man: "No; but any one could see that you were not yourself."

* * *

"My mother made me what I am," said the political speaker as he proudly threw out his chest.

"Well," said a small man at the rear of the hall, "she must have put in most of her time at other things."

* * *

A doctor prescribed rest and change for a small girl, saying that her system was very much upset. After he had gone the little girl said seriously, "I knew I was upset, mamma, because my foot's asleep, and things must be pretty bad when you go to sleep at the wrong end."

* * *

"You have a pretty place here," remarked the guest on the morning of his departure. "But it looks a bit bare yet."

"Oh, that's because the trees are so young," answered the host, comfortably. "I hope they'll have grown to a good size before you come again."

* * *

YOUTH'S LIGHTNING CALCULATIONS.

Arthur T. Hadley, president of Yale, said of youth at a dinner in New Haven:

"I find youth modest, almost over-modest. I don't agree with the accepted idea of youth that is epitomised in the anecdote.

"According to this anecdote, an old man said to a youth: 'My boy, when I was your age I thought, like you, that I knew it all, but now I have reached the conclusion that I know nothing.'

"The youth, lighting a cigarette, answered carelessly: 'Hm! I reached that conclusion about you years ago.'"

* * *

Mother: "There were two apples in the cupboard, Tommy, and now there is only one. How's that?"

Tommy (who sees no way out of it): "Well, ma, it was so dark in there that I didn't see the other."

* * *

Fake Medium: "The spirits of your departed friends are all about you; but don't be afraid."

Client: "Oh, I'm not; you've got my last dollar, so they can't touch me for anything!"

* * *

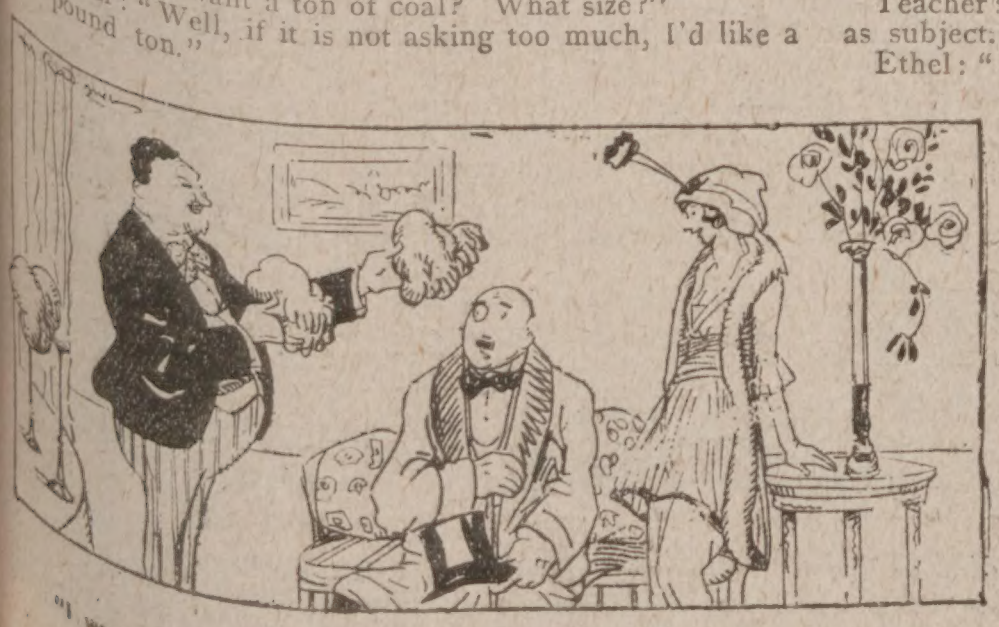
"I suppose you were presented at court while you were in London?"

"Yes," I was presented twice; but was acquitted both times."

* * *

Dealer: "You want a ton of coal? What size?"

Customer: "Well, if it is not asking too much, I'd like a 2,240-pound ton."



THE NEW FASHION.

"I would advise Madame to have this green wig; its colour will harmonise delightfully with the old-rose tint of Monsieur's scalp."—"Le Rire."

THE REPEATED CORPSE.

Enraged Cocky: "Was it yous killed that dorg o' mine?"
Second Ditto: "Yes, an' if he comes into my paddock any more after my sheep, I'll kill him agin."—"Sydney Bulletin."

HER IDEA.

"I see this medicine is good for man and beast."

"Yes," said the druggist.

"Gimme a bottle. I believe that's the right combination to help my husband."—*Kansas City Journal.*

* * *

She: "Gracious! We've waited thirty minutes. We'll miss the opera waiting for that mother of mine!"

He "Hours, I should say."

She: "Ours? Oh, Will, this is so sudden!"

* * *

TOO MUCH CAVITY.

One afternoon an esteemed citizen went into a barber shop to have his briars reaped, but no sooner had he taken a seat in one of the chairs than he dropped off into heavy slumber. Apparently the shave artist was having his own troubles in manipulating the customer, and after making several attempts he thoughtfully paused.

"Excuse me, sir," said he, gently shaking the man in the chair; "but would you mind waking up? I can't shave you while you are asleep."

"Can't shave me while I'm asleep!" exclaimed the victim, with a wondering expression. "Why not?"

"Because," explained the barber, as softly as possible, "when you fall into slumber, your mouth opens so wide that I can't find your face."—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

* * *

Teacher: "Now, Ethel, make a sentence with 'dogma' as subject."

Ethel: "The dogma has three puppies."

* * *

"The train struck the man, did it not?" asked the lawyer of the engineer at the trial.

"It did, sir," said the engineer.

"Was the man on the track, sir?" thundered the lawyer.

"On the track?" asked the engineer. "Of course he was. No engineer worthy of his job would run his train into the woods after a man."
—*Livingston Lance.*

* * *

IT WAS HARD.

"Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced against you?" asked the judge.

"The only thing I'm kickin' about," answered the convicted burglar, "is bein' identified by a man that kep' his head under the bed-clothes the whole time. That's wrong."
—*Puck.*

INTERROGATIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

Who was responsible for the invention of Miss Phyllis Dare's new "musical frock," and if she now expects all the other members of the company to dance to her tune?

* * *

Why Queen Mary is taking so much interest in Lady Eva Dugdale's newly presented daughter, and if she would like to see the latter married to the handsome son of one of her favourite ladies-in-waiting?

* * *

If the lady who supped with the Bishop's nephew at the Savoy the other evening was aware that one of her garters, a very elaborate affair in cherry-coloured silk, had slipped down and was reposing innocently about her dainty ankle?

* * *

Who was the popular young M.P. who warned the party whips that unless they could lend him £5,000 he would have to file his petition and thereby give up his seat in Parliament.

* *

The name of the very famous "front bench" man who is suffering from a terrible internal complaint?

* *

Who is the judge who has twice recently been threatened with assassination; and why, despite his assurances to his friends that he "doesn't care a damn," does he have himself "shadowed" everywhere by a detective?

* *

Which is the picture in the National Gallery which has caused such anxiety to the experts who recommended its purchase for a very large sum of money?

* *

If the authorities are not considering what action they shall take to prevent the display of kinematograph pictures dealing with the "White Slave" traffic?

* *

What was the nature of the communication that the South West London librarian found amongst the leaves of a book just returned by a borrower? And what did the latter's parents think of the little *liaison* which was thereby disclosed?

* *

Who is the theatrical manager said to be on the verge of bankruptcy?

* *

Most people's literary acquirements may be summed up in the books they have "borrowed" from their friends.

* * *

Why the Duchess refuses to divulge the secret of her new beauty preparation?

* * *

What his Lordship thought of the poem addressed to his wife which he found between the leaves of a blotter in her writing case?

* * *

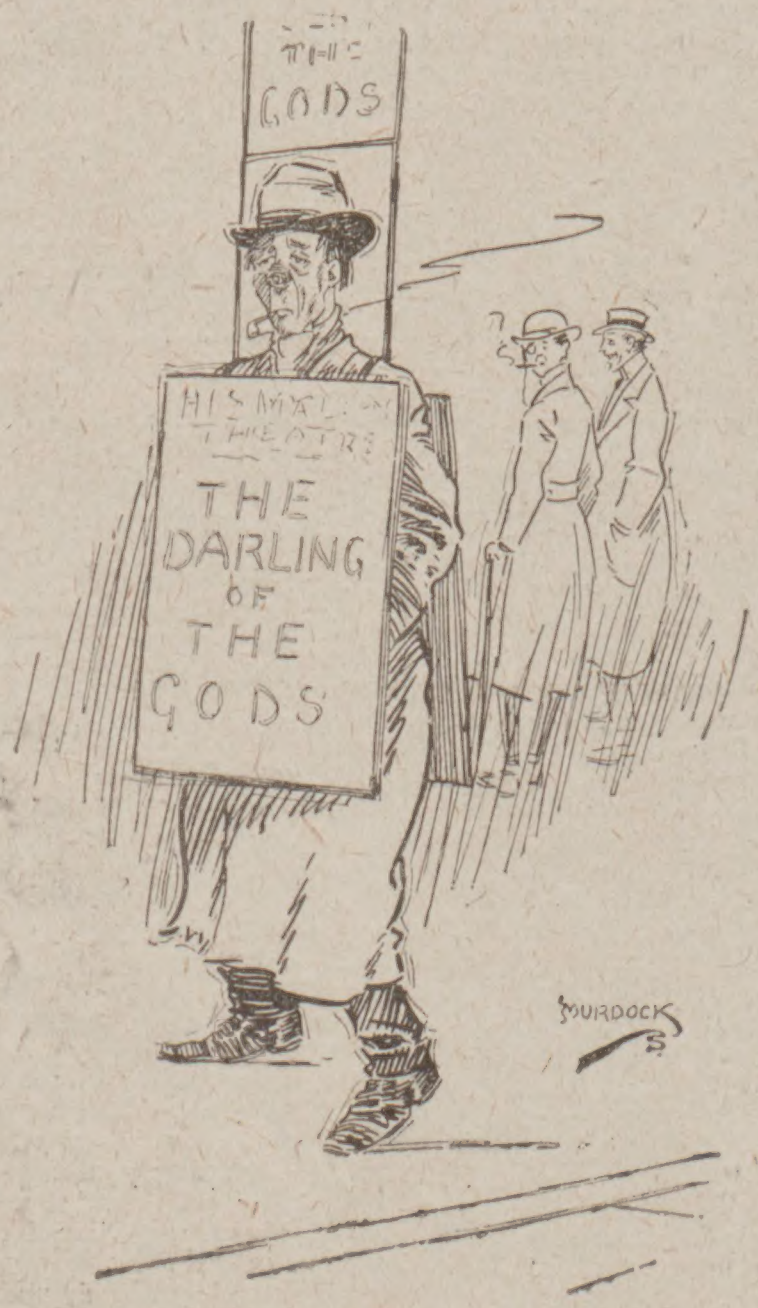
If the writing was that of a young solicitor to whom he had just lent a sum of £400, and if he was much disturbed by certain references to the lady's physical charms?

* * *

The exact expression used by the musical comedy lady when her titled admirer dropped his monocle into the soup?

* * *

If the few splashes on her gown were worth making so much fuss about, and if he bought her a new one?



INDEED!

If a certain supper club has been receiving the attention of the police for the past three weeks, something may be expected to "happen"?

* * *

The identity of the inebriated gentleman with hair who threw a tomato at the reflection of a mirror at the well-known Soho restaurant, and was charged on his bill for damage to the wall-

* * *

If a certain French actress is in the habit of visitors (of both sexes) while at her morning toil she has a transparent screen placed round her bath a way that she can see them though they cannot

* * *

If the fascinating widow arranged the fancy dr for the express purpose of "showing off" in the ing harem costume?

* * *

If the material was not unnecessarily transparen she overheard any of the remarks that were pas her at supper?

* * *

Who is the nove who has not been see friends for the last fo Is it true that he is eng writing a long novel a upon it from 9 p.m. a.m., using only can Does he sleep almost of the remaining hours under the influ drugs?

*

If Miss Marie Lloyd Bernard Dillon ma times she will really start spelling her name as it is pronoun

*

Didn't the musical star merit the decor successfully practis her? Has she realised the wealthy Russian C spoke such delicious English is only a pou earning three pou week? Possibly she undoubtedly she has sell the "diamond according to her usu tice.

*

The *Daily Sketch* "Flowers are obviously again. Violets that marked at a shilling the other day, are now at twopence." And do if "Mr. Gossip" calls and sees them in a week's time, if they have already been sold, they pleased to sell him those for one penny a bunch.

*

Miss Brier Rose T sued Mr. Stanley Smith for breach of promise the day. Doubtless the young man felt that life with her be too thorny a path. Anyway she proved she could

* * *

Why the fascinating Russian lady staying at the R has a card bearing the words "Madame est sortie" at frequent intervals to the door of her apartment why only men are admitted at such times?

* * *

If it is a fact that Lord Rosebery is suffering from insomnia, and who it was who suggested "cold tea" as a remedy?

* * *

The names of the two Park Lane hostesses who q over the possession of a King Charles spaniel, and of them has declared that she will not attend the coming private dance at Buckingham Palace if the also receives an invitation?

...g lady who figured rather prominently in a ...l divorce case about eight months ago has just ... a kinema company as leading lady?

* * *

...ny in question offered her £5 a week extra ...ld allow them to make use of her real name, and she refused?

* * *

...the owner of the lemon-coloured motor-car, decorated ...elaborate dark-blue dragons, is about to become the ...d husband of one of our most popular comediennes?

* * *

...he identity of the young débutante who kicked off her ...per during the Duchess's dinner party, and if it was ...rather embarrassing when, at the end of the meal, she ...unable to retrieve it again?

* * *

...Those who attempt to fly across the Atlantic will find it ...ing but "plane sailing."

* * *

..."The Joy-Ride Lady" managed to pass the censor?

* * *

...America a sect is agitating for the passing of a bill ...selling alcoholic drinks to be labelled "poison." Death ...poisoning will certainly be on the increase.

* * *

...Who is the well-known actress who is about to sue a ...ographer for faking a portrait of her, by putting her ...ead to someone else's body, and a very scantily attired ...at that?

* * *

...Will there not be some startling revelations in Lady ...ance Stewart Richardson's book of personal reminis... if they are all published? And if she *really* did ...tly throw Polaire out of an American restaurant, was it ...exactly a lady-like trick and one likely to help the entente ...dialé?

* * *

...The eldest son of an Earl has just become the pro... a West End kinema? And if he paid very nearly ...imes what it was worth, and what "pa" will have to ...hen he hears about it?

* * *

...ntity of the young "nut" who strolled through ...square in a pale lavender-grey bowler hat finished ... greyish-mauve silk band, ...e is employed by a leading firm ... to advertise the "very

* *

...hat sent the lovely box ...s round to the dressing- ...pretty little brunette at

* *

...e was taken violently ill ...econd act, and if she sus... ...ain rival at the Gaiety of ...doctored" the chocolates?

* *

...ness Stephanie of Austria ...herself to be in love with the ...ford undergraduate, and if ...considerably older than his ...r?

* *

...re is a good deal of curiosity ... who will be the new Maids... ...our?

* *

...the lady who dropped a powder... ...from her box at the Criterion ...tre on to the bald head of a gentle... ...in the stalls below, has recovered ...ame?

* *

...so many seats are being given ...for the Prince's Theatre, and if ...dway Jones" isn't proving the ...it might have been?

* *

...he "muffs," of which we have ...heading, are in any way connected ...the youthful habitués of the front ...of the stalls at the Empire?

Will there not be some very interesting blotting-paper evidence in two big cases very soon to be heard at the Law Courts?

* * *

Hall Caine must be rather hurt at the announcement that the Isle of Man is to be advertised. Whatever has he been doing all these years?

* * *

Who are the four novelists who have decided to throw in their lot together and live in one flat in town? Will it really be possible for four ladies to live amicably together? And will it be so much the flat they live in as the flats they take in?

* * *

Was not one of the anonymous ladies who were attacked on Hungerford Bridge by hooligans the other evening a well-known and clever miniature artist? And who was the young *gentleman* who, when called upon to help them told them they would be sure to find a policeman at the foot of the bridge steps?

* * *

Tit-Bits: "There is in circulation yet another genial story about the canny Scot. A Caledonian chieftain won a million pins in a penny raffle at a bazaar. Three days later he called very wan and weary of aspect. 'See here,' he said to the bazaar secretary, 'I've counted them. They're three short!'" With apologies to *Tit-Bits*, we should like to add that to count 1,000,000 pins in three days, assuming that the counter never stopped, he would have to count at the rate of nearly four pins per second.

* * *

What was the nature of the letter addressed by one West End clergyman to another? Will the latter take the hint and fly the country?

* * *

How do foreign lottery promoters manage to post so many of their illegal circulars in this country, thereby agitating the entire personnel of the Post Office?

* * *

At a recent duel the parties discharged their weapons without effect, whereupon one of the seconds interposed, and proposed that the combatants should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary. "Their hands," said he, "have been shaking enough already for the last half-hour."

Occupations for the fair sex (as suggested by modern feminine encroachments).

NO. 3.—"SHINE, SIR?"

TABLOID TOPICS.

"Autocar runs into buffers." It is always the old buffers who are in the way.

* * *

"Mr. Israel Zangwill on the 'Melting Pot'"—(*Referee*). No! on second thoughts, we dare not!

* * *

Dr. Granville Bantock is composing special music for the I.L.P. coming-of-age at Easter. It may make it a case of E.L.P.!

* * *

"Arms for Southend," reads a headline. We presume there has been a demand from unaccompanied young lady visitors to that resort.

* * *

According to the Rev. Stewart Headlam "it is much better to drink beer in the open air than in a closed building." And best of all in a quart jug.

* * *

In America the baseball pitcher is a highly salaried chap. If Jonathan can pitch the ball as well as he can "pitch the tale" he earns his wages.

* * *

"The Lords take a bold line on Marconis," says a Northern weekly. It has long been thought that there were no lines on the Marconi system.

* * *

Mr. F. H. Ramsden, Secretary of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, plays the flute, and is a solicitor. His clients know what it is to pay the piper.

* * *

The compositor who set up £10,000 to read £1,000 in the recent issue of a prominent morning paper might have prevented his mistake by a little fourth-ought.

* * *

"Mr. McBey, etcher, began life with a mangle," we learn. Now, had he held a saw or a scythe in his dimply fist he might have cut his teeth and have done with it.

* * *

For disparaging English administrative ability, Hamilton of the G.E.R. has been so considerably claud as to give other railway magnates paws in coming up to the scratch.

* * *

A contemporary informs us that the system of giving joint entertainments is getting into high favour. A cut off the joint, however, must be preceded by the entrée to it.

* * *

All and sundry are warned to look out for half-sovereigns of pewter coated with gold. So coated, they are bad investments. Never judge half a Jimmy by the coat it wears.

* * *

Dr. Wilbur Chapman says that he can make people laugh if he wants to, but he would rather make a man cry than make him laugh. Personally, he leaves us quite cold either way.

* * *

A scribe wonders if it is imposible for woman to run a club successfully. Why does he cudgel his brain? Women stick at nothing in the way of running. Look at the bills they can run up.

* * *

A commentator refers to Mrs. Pat Campbell's rôle in Shaw's "Pygmalion" as a "Nancy Price part." A glance at the weekly-walking "ghost" would perhaps prove that it is a fancy price part.

* * *

"A young man of the tramp class was killed on the railway near Sittingbourne to-day," says *The Star*. Are the S.E. and C.R. adopting a fourth class as the result of the "American invasion?"

* * *

The dailies are making a fuss because a pigeon at Launceston, Cornwall, has become enamoured of a dog, and frequently rides on its back. But "pigeons" always have had an inclination to go to the bow-wows.

* * *

A recent number of *Tit-Bits* states that "there are 1,300,000 horses in England which consume the produce of as much land as would feed eight men." We respectfully ask how much land it takes to feed eight men.

* * *

A girl "writes to the papers" telling of a man who, engaged to be married, plays at draughts with a minx during office hours. The male player must be careful in his moves or he'll catch a draught from his fiancée.

SACRED AND PROFANE LO

Said the [illegible] according to [illegible] and excessively moral Banker to his wife as she [illegible] a large sofa:

"How are you this evening, dear?"

He kissed the forehead, which was too pink where [illegible] have been white, and was damp with a moisture called vulgar—well the reverse of perspiration.

"The Doctor says I am to eat no pastry," [illegible] her accent had that would-be gentility that made the [illegible] Mandarins on the mantelpiece long to nod their silly [illegible] from side to side instead of backwards and forwards. [illegible] also says I am to have no stout, no new bread, no [illegible] . . . all I can remember his saying I could have [illegible] and hot water, and some tablets he will send round [illegible]

"It will be all right if you get thinner," [illegible]

"We'll be having you with a 28-inch waist again [illegible]

"I'm sure I hope so," she sighed, like a spent cow. [illegible]

"But when I first knew you I had a 23-inch [illegible]

"Had you?" said Robert absently.

"Well, you ought to know," said his large wife [illegible] "You squeezed it enough. John and Linda are coming for a few days. John wants to see a specialist about his heart, and Linda thinks she has indigestion. They are bringing Peter with them—he is so weak after the [illegible]

"I'm jolly glad they are coming," said the Banker, without thinking. "They will be company for you."

"I have an idea that I shall not live long," said [illegible] cheerfully, after a pause. "I fancy I have fatty degeneracy of the heart—all my family suffered from it. My father died of it at 71, and his father died of heart [illegible] at 68."

"You had better see a specialist," said the Banker, with a sigh.

"You are so healthy," said his wife. "I never [illegible] like you—never had a day's illness in your life.

"Thank God," said the Banker.

His wife's spinster sister came into the room like a shadow.

"It's always the strong ones that go off suddenly," she said. "A creaking door and all that, you know. Maud and I have always been delicate."

"Where are you going?" said the fat wife to the Banker.

"I have to meet a man at the Club," said the Banker truthfully. "He wants to discuss an investment with me and has asked me to dine with him."

"The Doctor says I am always to leave the table hungry," said his wife. "Never on any account to satisfy [illegible] properly. You are not very sympathetic, Robert."

"Maud," said the Banker cheerfully, "all I wish is [illegible] you yourself again."

* * *

The pretty girl left her perch upon the rose satin [illegible] seat and flew down the hall to the door of the flat.

"Bobbikins," she cried gaily. "Here, give me your hat, put down your stick and kiss your baby."

The Banker obeyed her instructions to the letter. The golden head lay for a few seconds on his shoulder, and the blue eyes twinkled wickedly:

"Ten minutes late . . . and I had to sit in the window and watch for you. Bobby, you look tired. Come and sit down in a cosy chair and have a quiet cigarette. I remembered to buy your favourite ones by a miracle."

With his arm tightly round her, the Banker led her into the little sitting room: she selected a cigarette, lit it and gave it to him and then sat on a stool at his feet.

"Now Bobbikins, tell me all the news. Have you had a rotten day? I sent you a kiss on the 'phone—I suppose you didn't get it?"

"I telegraphed you one this afternoon," said the Banker. "You got that, eh?"

"Yes," said the pretty girl. "And the roses and chocolates?"

"But you liked the kiss best?" asked the Banker.

The pretty girl said she did.

The pretty girl was slim and she loved him.

There is no end to the story. His wife is still fat.

Among reports concerning the Ulster emeute is [illegible] the effect that Sir Edward Carson's portrait is worn by many of the fair sex, as a symbol of their admiration. Sir Edward thus precedes his slaughter of separatists by lady-killing.

STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.—No. 1: CONTEMPT.

WIT AND WISDOM.

[illegible] for the actress to get puffs in her hair than in the newspapers.

* * *

A man may be connected with a lot of prominent [illegible] by telephone.

* * *

If a man is fond of company he shouldn't aspire for the [illegible] of fame.

* * *

Some women will out-brazen brass.

* * *

Women seldom show the white feather - unless white [illegible] are fashionable.

* * *

No man can talk quite so eloquently as his money.

* * *

Not all men of single ideas are bachelors.

* * *

But a sure thing crop: sow wild oat.

* * *

It is human nature to want the biggest half—just as if there was such a thing.

* * *

The chap who is out for the dust and gets it has grit.

* * *

Many a man thinks he is in a hole when it is merely a rut.

* * *

It is sometimes easier to get what you like than it is to keep on liking it after you get it.

* * *

A man never realises how cheap talk is until some woman offers him a penny for his thoughts.

* * *

It is better to be on pleasure bent than on duty broke.

* * *

Some people's only aim in life seems to be to throw mud.

* * *

One can lead a double life on a single salary, but it is a lot of trouble.

* * *

A smart woman can learn things from a man that he doesn't even know.

IN STAGELAND.

Her Majesty was obviously keenly delighted with the performance at the Palace given in aid of the funds of a society formed to promote maternal interest and efficiency for the benefit of the infant population of London's worst areas. The Queen seemed to be most favourably impressed with Miss Shirley Kellogg's singing of "Roseway." It may be remembered that I pointed out this number as the sole redeeming feature of Leoncavallo's work in "Are you there?" Why not put it into "Hullo, Tango!"?

* * *

The De Courville-Wayburn controversy has now become public property. Mr. De Courville observes, *via* the New York press, that "it is men like Mr. Wayburn who make Americans disliked in England." We said precisely this when there was an inclination to allow him to inspire magazine articles, and a tendency to permit him to pose, à la Reinhardt, as a sort of theatrical prophet in the wilderness of British inefficiency.

* * *

The Palladium interior is in the hands of decorators and artists very busily preparing for the royal matinee on the 17th. Looking directly upward one is impressed with an illusion of the fragility of the network of planks and ropes, which obscures the ceiling. Certain it is that my panel

MADAME KARINA, THE DANISH DANCER AT THE COLISEUM.

doctor would be reporting badly on my health by now if anything had come unstuck on Tuesday. I am saying all this because it looked rather as if my friend Will Evans had rigged it up in a frantic endeavour to go one better than those irritating people who will persist in causing their "acts" to parade the auditorium.

* * *

I am sorry that Mr. Durrant Swan has not been able to resist the flood tide of suggestion and insinuation which, quite temporarily, enjoys a certain market these night-club-ridden days. He has been connected with the Bar, and does not suffer from the vulgarity of temperament which makes a similar leaning on the part of some of the variety managements by no means incomprehensible. Nevertheless, the regrettable fact remains that some entirely unnecessary effects have brought "The Joy-Ride Lady" down to the level of some of those despicable little "revues" which are a success at some houses and such a frost at others. Still there are Lawrence Grossmith, Bertram Wallis, and Miss Sybil Arundale, and they almost made us forget our troubles. But I am sorry for them, for reasons that caused one of our cleverest critics to say of the New Theatre production, that it "reminds one of the soup which is included in the menu of a five-course dinner for 1s. 6d.—lukewarm water with plenty of pepper!" I said last week I regretted the un-English title. The entire suitability of a bad title for the production under discussion may now be commented upon

It was a brilliant little one-act play which was [illegible] at the Æolian Hall to benefit the funds of the [illegible] Women's League last Monday. It was entitled "A [illegible] tic Agency," and is by Mr. F. J. St. Aubyn, who is a [illegible] Miss Mary Rorke. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who was pres[illegible] is said to have expressed a desire to produce it as a curtain raiser for a West End season.

* * *

"Peggy and Her Husband," by Joseph Keating, was produced at the Royalty to-night (Saturday). Miss [illegible] Cooper and Mr. Dennis Eadie are both in the caste, which it is eminently satisfactory to know. I notice that [illegible] Beryl Mercer is playing in the curtain-raiser entitled "[illegible] Drops," and if there is anything in the nature of a char[illegible] acter study similar to that given us by Miss Mercer in "Their Point of View," this particular *lever de rideau* will be seen and heard from first word to last.

* * *

The reconstructed ballet, "The Dancing Master," has met with tremendous success at the Empire, and has undoubtedly marked out Miss Phyllis Bedells for the long delayed and more universal appreciation her winsome [illegible] so thoroughly deserves. Miss Bedells is fortunate in that the ballet is dressed and played exactly in the manner of the period of its original production—1835. It is hardly necessary to point out the desirable effect of so [illegible] an anti-climax to the Futurist, green-wigged and [illegible] ately insane "artistic" schools that have been [illegible] and poisoning our entertainments for months past. In most things, however, now that one may see the Bi[illegible] Beardsleyite, the Wandsworth Wilde, and the Fin[illegible] Futurist, the alleged *haute monde* will slay their own de[illegible] testable creations of their own accord.

* * *

I was very glad to get another opportunity of hearing Maurice Hewlett's romantic phraseology at the Arts Club last Tuesday. One may read this wonderful nonsense, "Forest Lovers" and marvel at the possibility of such delicately beautiful poetic construction. To hear these [illegible] by the spoken word increases their value, even when [illegible] dered by amateurs. Mr. H. W. Hewlett's music is [illegible] in this pleasant picture. "Pan and the Young Shepherd" [illegible] the loveliest pastoral I have heard, and when it is [illegible] again, I hope for a long run, at a principal West [illegible] Theatre, it will be an enormous success. I wish I could allot the rôles, as there are few actresses indeed who can convey the non-material impression that the ethereal [illegible] of the Daughters of the Earth demands. Of the Old Vic[illegible] deanian's Dramatic Club (which was indeed fortunate to obtain so important a work for presentation), Miss Perry McNaught as "Aglaë (Virgin Dawn)," and Mr. Percy Vernon as "Pan," approached a meritorious plane (even from the professional point of view) of dramatic art. The period of the play was extremely difficult to place. It might have been anything from Athenian to Elizabethan. In any event the hideous anachronism of tobacco in the first act cannot be condoned, and was a jarring error of stage management.

* * *

I notice that "Mr. Gossip," of the *Daily Sketch*, is complaining bitterly of the disturbance at the back of the stalls of the Alhambra and the Empire, created by an inconsiderable proportion of the audiences of both these houses. It is peculiar that I should have commented with considerable force on the behaviour of this element at the Alhambra only last week. Surely something may be done in the matter. It should not be difficult to deal with, more particularly as neither of these houses is afflicted of the special clientele of persistent lady playgoers to the extent that used to obtain not very many years ago.

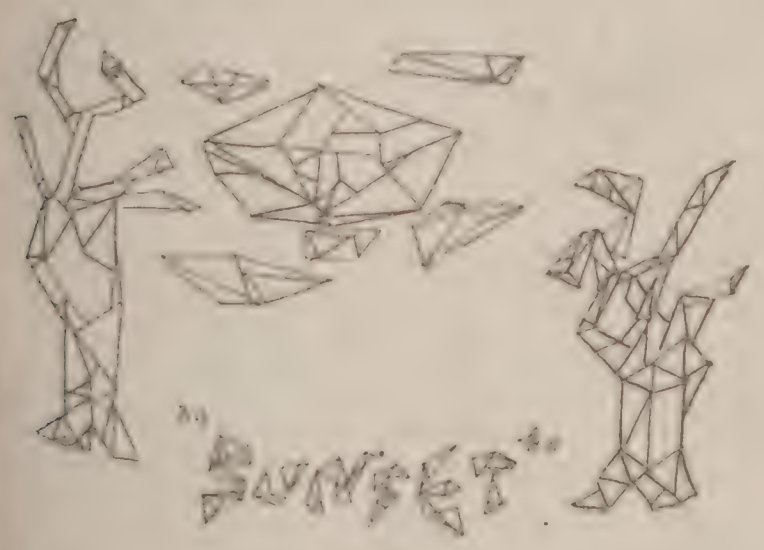
W. R. C.

Mr. Arthur Applin's "Le Rêve," which is to be produced at the Court Theatre, has been passed by the Censor, but the author has been warned that the nightie of the dreaming lady must be a *thick* one. To suit the [illegible] suppose

CUPID AND THE CUBIST.

PREFACE.

As [illegible] story. [illegible] would seem to be quite an every-day [illegible] a she (bucolic and betrothed) and an artist "cosmopolitan" who is the means of separating the two lovers—which as most fiction readers doubtless are aware is the *raison d'être* of artists in short stories when brought into proximity with bucolic and bethrothed he's and she's. But at this point we are proud to state convention gives way to Cubism. Our artist does not after the faithless manner of his kind woo the rustic maid, and after promising her a fashionable marriage at Hanover Square, with the usual trimmings, pick up his easel and away to town, there to contract loss of memory. Our man is no gay Lothario, with a winning smile, perfect teeth, and manner *debonair*, being a young man who takes life seriously, on speaking terms with Kant (he spells it with a K), and the Higher [illegible]ngs also between these extremities—but these are his chief claims to distinction.



I.

His first introduction to the heroine was early one even[illegible] just as he was putting the finishing touches to a picture which was to be named "Sunset." The maiden, in her rustic innocence of things appertaining to Art, was unaware that the picture was anywhere near completion, misconceived these finishing touches for some mysteriously [illegible] plan of the picture that was to follow. The [illegible] many of our readers are equally unstained [illegible] has necessitated the giving of the title [illegible] the sketch (included gratis with this [illegible]

[illegible] with his head inclined alternately [illegible] such alternations being accompanied [illegible] each separate optic after the manner ap[illegible] critics in general, while the maiden, who [illegible] to her cottage home, paused, arrested, con[illegible] sentenced by the strange antics of the still stranger.

[illegible] it was over. Eyes and head resumed their [illegible] attitudes. And the soul of the painter was satisfied. "Not so bad," observed the painter's voice to his [illegible]. Then he became suddenly aware of the presence of [illegible]

"O, little Maid of Arcadie," said he lightly. "For [illegible] d'you take me, pray?"

"[illegible] you're an artist for sure, sir."

"[illegible]h, no. I am a Cubist."

"[illegible] what might a Cubist be, sir?"

[illegible]ily he explained that a Cubist was one who went [illegible] a Futurist, and was better than a Post-Im[illegible] When he had finished the maiden informed [illegible] getting late and hurried off.

II.

[illegible] when she takes a job of this kind in hand, moves [illegible] more quickly than a plumber. So it came that the Cubist met the lady again and proposed painting her portrait. The delight of the maiden was great, but of course "she must tell John."

And John was not overjoyed at the news.

"Never mind," said the Cubist cheerfully, "I'll paint his too."

John agreed, with the proviso that the two should be painted sitting together, a "duet" as he named it. This may have been prompted by the desire that should inflate every honest swain's chest, to lose no opportunity of sitting close to his lass. Or it may have been that he was well posted in the tricks and manners of short-story artists. Anyway, whichever way the wind blew the artist was willing, and so the sittings commenced.

The picture was finished.

III.

The sitters gazed at it. From it their puzzled glances travelled to one another, and finally concentrated on the artist. A deep, deadly silence settled on the trio.

John was the first to summon courage to speak.

"Is it quite right, Mister?" he stammered. "Do I—do we reely look like that?"

"As to the primary portion of your question, nothing is finally right in Art. The rightness is purely personal, and for the artist himself," quoted the Cubist gloomily.

"I see," said John faintly. "We'll be going now, I think, Mister. Good evening."

IV.

Later the lovers met. The man's face was sorrowful, but rigid with a stern determination.

"It has come to this, lass," said he, hoarsely. "We must part!"

"Alas! Why?" asked the woman. "What does it matter if we do appear as mere diagrams to others so long as we remain beautiful in each other's eyes."

Ah! It is ever the woman who is ready to sacrifice everything to Love.

"That is not all the question," said the man. "Marriage for us means in the natural course of things—children. Also in the natural course of things the children will be like their parents. How can we face the possibility of bringing into the world such hideous monstrosities of line and angle as yon painter declares us to be in the eyes of properly educated folk! Nay, rather let the mould be destroyed for ever! Farewell!"

So the twain parted for ever: the artist packed up his pictures—pardon, impressions, and hied him to town, where, meeting with some equally gifted beings he formed a "group" for the Exaltation of the Ideal, which is only another name for the Suppression of the Real. Up to the time of going to press they badly need a new name, for not one of the titles, F., P.-I., or C., quite covers the nakedness of the whole "group," and we understand they have rejected with contumely that suggested by the Governor of the neighbouring Asylum. Their pictures "command" big prices—as to whether the meek, long-suffering B.P. obeys the order, history is at present discreetly silent.

A. HUNTER.

THE PORTRAIT.

THE JOY CAMPAIGN.

According to a Suffragette in the *Daily Sketch*, in future her sisterhood intend to gain the sympathy of the public by providing it with some novel amusement instead of arousing its ire by incendiarism. "You will see if the W.S.P.U. does not make you laugh soon," she says.

Already it is rumoured that Christabel has invested in an old copy of Joe Miller, whose *bon mots* she has made such use of amongst her fellow-conspirators that several of them repeat hourly: "Oh, Christabel, you are a one!" Several of them, also, have resigned. We venture to suggest, for Christabel's benefit, some ways of adding to the gaiety of nations:—

She might organise a boxing match between Bernard Shaw and G. K. Chesterton with Mr. C. K. Shorter (who, I am sure, would like to see his friends pummelling each other) acting as umpire. G. K. C. could, no doubt, be induced to take the ring at sixteen stone; and I think Bernard would look funny in pants. The loser would read the winner's works.

This condition, however, might place too much at stake to conduce to the probability of the match, so I would like Miss Pankhurst to persuade Mr. Shaw to don a complete Highland costume. It is one of my greatest ambitions to see dear old Bernard in kilts. I know I should laugh. So would Mr. Chesterton.

What the rest of the world would do is immaterial.

Further, Miss Pankhurst might prevail on Mr. Lloyd George to read another paper on Natural History.

But she will be certain to make us laugh, and, incidentally, obtain for herself The Vote, if she can manage to get tuppence knocked off the income tax.

We can look forward to reading paragraphs in the press as follows:—

All London was enraptured last night by the latest escapade of the Suffragettes, who managed to kidnap some of our most famous Cabinet Ministers, and march with them in a grand procession down Piccadilly Circus.

Mr. Winston Churchill had been forced to don the garb of a Boy Scout, and very noble indeed he looked in his natty little hat. He was closely followed in the rear by Miss Christabel Pankhurst, who was armed with a pair of hatpins with which she threatened to attack the tenderest parts of his anatomy on the first sign of resistance or an attempt by the police to rescue any of the gentlemen who govern us so wisely and too well.

A pathetic *tableau vivant* was enacted principally by Messrs. Asquith and Redmond. Mr. Redmond was strapped to the Prime Minister's back, while Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Lansdowne attacked the duo with pea-shooters. The whole was entitled "Ireland a Nation Again" or "The Old Man of the Sea."

Several times the police attempted to rescue the captives, but the public quickly showed that they would brook no trifling with their innocent amusements.

It is also interesting to note that the Bishop of London when interviewed by our representative, gave his unqualified approval of this escapade, and confessed indeed that he himself smiled twice.

"No parent," he says, "need be afraid to take his daughter to see to-morrow's Suffragette 'rag,' which, I understand from Miss Pankhurst, is to be absolutely a screamer."

A weekly paper:

"A Business Government at Last! Miss Pankhurst's reign is coming soon; the whole nation is in her favour. She informed our representative that the installation of women as the heads of the various buying departments in the Government would undoubtedly reduce the National Expenditure. 'Look at woman's passion for economy—and bargains,' she explained. So that in the near future our Dreadnoughts will be cheaper—or less expensive. Whereas we previously paid for a battleship £1,500,000, Miss Pankhurst is confident we will be able (under New Management) to acquire an exact replica for £1,499,999 19s. 11¾d. We must admit that it seems a lot less, but it remains to be proved that Miss Pankhurst will be able to do as she promises. However, our best wishes go with her."

One melancholy note:

"The Palace, Hippodrome, and Oxford music-halls, which have been playing to empty houses during the past fortnight, owing to the gratis entertainments given by the Suffragettes, have been forced to close their doors. It is feared that Mr. Alfred Butt is completely ruined."

ERIC DE BANZIE

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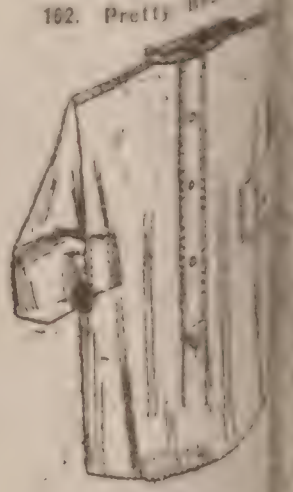
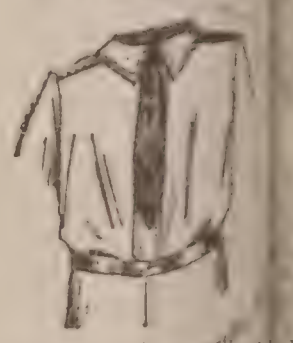
162. Pretty



608. Little Girl's Coat.



153. Boy's Convert.

You can obtain these patterns from your newsagent, or I shall be pleased to forward catalogue on receipt of penny stamp.

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MODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

On Tuesday next the great match between Bombardier and Bandsman Blake will be fought at the Palladium, and we shall then know whether Blake is a potential world's [illegible] whether Wells remains the best man in this country. I do not think there is any doubt about the result. Wells will not be so nervous of Blake as he was of Carpentier, and he will be boxing from the start, and with his hard left-hand punches he will probably have the Bandsman in trouble before many rounds are over. Wells nervous and Wells confident are two very different beings, and I would as soon have Wells confident on my side as any white man living.

* * *

BLAKE'S HARDEST FIGHT.

Blake is unbeaten it is true, but he has beaten no one yet of note excepting the Dixie Kid, who was about a stone and a half lighter. No one would credit Blake with being a better boxer than the Dixie Kid, but his weight, height, and reach make the clever negro's job almost an impossibility. Now the boot is on the other foot, and Blake has to give away as much height, weight, and reach to Wells as he had from the Dixie Kid, and most people will agree Wells is a better boxer than Blake.

[illegible] has done a good preparation, boxing not so much [illegible]nty of walking, sprinting, ball punching, physical [illegible]s and swimming. He is wonderfully fit and well, a slight trouble with his right hand, which has [illegible]d him for some years now. But as he does most heavy punching with his left it does not so much [illegible]. He has done his work at the Fulham football and at the National Sporting Club.

[illegible] has trained at Hampstead, and has put in a search-[illegible]paration. I believe he would rather have done [illegible] week's vaudeville work, but Dick Burge was [illegible] and Blake had to train when he was told. He [illegible]r inclined to underrate Wells, and possibly he is [illegible]g it on the strength of the Carpentier affair, but it is [illegible]one. Wells at his best can beat Carpentier, and [illegible] else with the possible exception of some of the [illegible] and they ought to be barred from championships.

* * *

THE MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

[illegible] had a great night at the National last Monday. Pat [illegible] outboxed a fighter in Harry Reeve, and won the [illegible]e belt and the middleweight championship. Indeed, [illegible] was never allowed to fight all through the contest, [illegible] beat him pointless with his fine straight left. [illegible] it came to close quarter work O'Keefe so out-classed [illegible]n that Reeve was continually being told not to hold. [illegible] think the referee saw that Pat was making Reeve [illegible] for his own purposes, and that the wily level-headed [illegible] did a bit of it himself on the blind side.

* * *

WELLS'S NEW OPPONENT.

[illegible]way the new opponent for Wells for the Lonsdale [illegible] the National Sporting Club is Jim Coffey, the [illegible] giant, who has done a lot of good work in the American ring. Coffey was born in Ireland, and has thus every claim to a match for the English championship.

Meanwhile Carpentier, who would have liked first cut at Blake, is disappointed in his match with Kid McCoy, owing to the latter breaking down in training—what a difficult job it is to get these old men fit—and has fixed up a cod match with Joe Jeannette, at 187lbs. Now Jeannette will be pretty fine drawn at 13st. 5lbs., and I think the 187lbs. is the guarantee that Carpentier is not going to meet him, but the French champion must be in the limelight.

* * *

THE ELIMINATING CONTEST.

The sensational bout of the evening came in an eliminating contest between two ex-holders, both of whom have resigned the belt at different times, Jim Sullivan and Jack Harrison. The pace set out by Sullivan was so terrific that Harrison simply could not live up to it. Sullivan boxed as he has not done since he beat Tom Thomas, and with Harrison beaten stiff his seconds threw up the sponge for him in the fourth round, or at least they sent a towel fluttering into the ring.

Now Sullivan is a Wells: I believe he is a fatalist even. He can be one of the most brilliant boxers in the world, and he can be quite dud. He was Carpentier-like in his quickness on Monday, and if Pat is matched against him and Sullivan is in that form, his gymnasium form by the way, exit O'Keefe from the ranks of champions.

* * *

THE CUP TIES.

There were a few surprises in last Saturday's cup ties, the defeat of Blackburn Rovers in their cup-tie by Manchester City being a case in point. The match was played at Blackburn, and the Rovers, although they had Crompton, Shea and Latham back on their side, were beaten on their own merits, but the City, in a League match on the same ground a week previous, had been beaten by 2 to 1.

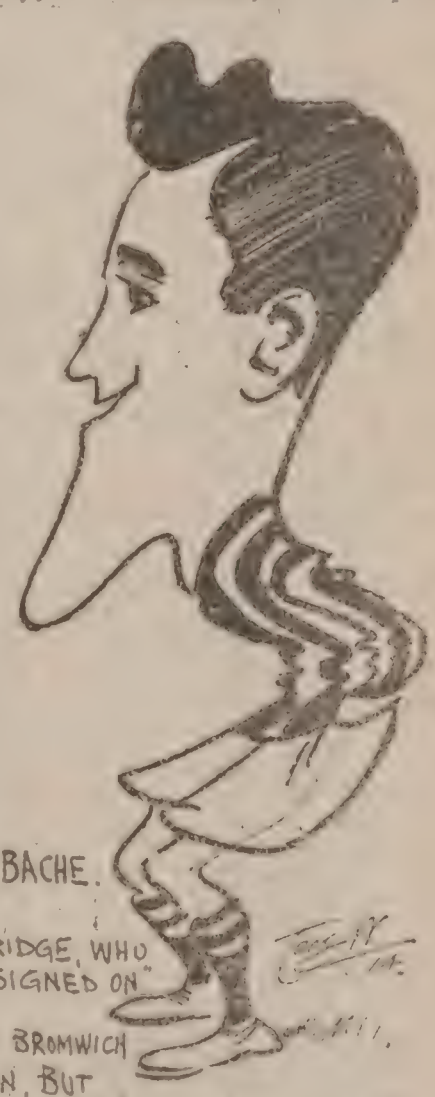
The South is not apparently going to cut a big figure in the competition this year, as although the Queen's Park Rangers have won three matches away from home they have not met the earth in their wanderings. Sunderland and Aston Villa—how the names conjure up memories of last [illegible], and for the matter of that, other [illegible] in the [illegible] past. Well, Sunderland and Aston Villa have, I believe, only to steer clear of one another in the semi-finals to reach the Palace again.

You may tell me that Sheffield United or the Wednesday or Manchester City, or Burnley, or West Ham, or Liverpool all have a chance. So they have, but I pin my faith on Sunderland, and the Villa to provide this year's winners, and, if they don't meet in the semi-final, to reach the Palace for the second year in succession.

* *

INTERNATIONAL SOCCER.

Ireland are hopeful of winning the "soccer" championship for the first time in the history of football. They have beaten England and Wales, and Scotland have to visit Belfast this year, which makes it easier for the wearers of the shamrock. Both Ireland's other victories were won away, Wales being beaten at Wrexham, and England at Middlesbrough. They have made a couple of changes in the Irish team, Harris of Everton being substituted at right half for Hampton of Bradford City, and Houston, also of Everton, coming into the forward line instead of



Rolls of Linfield, who is a full-back, but who had to be pressed into the service to play against England.

I really hope Ireland will win the championship this year; they have always been such good losers. I have been to Belfast many times and seen the distressful country beaten, but always they have taken it well. They were certainly a bit over-jubilant last year when they beat England for the first time, but it did them good, and they have at last got the international championship within their grasp. I don't wish Scottish football any harm, but all the same I hope the Irishmen, who by the way are nearly all playing for English or Scottish Clubs, will pull through.

* * *

THE BASEBALL STUNT.

From what I can gather British sportsmen and pressmen have not fallen on the necks of the American baseball players, who are supposed to be doing a missionary stunt round the world. Baseball has been tried here time and again, and has not, and will not catch on. It is all very well for something to go and watch for an hour and a half on a Saturday afternoon; but cricket is too deeply rooted in the affections of our people. The youngsters play and the old 'uns watch, or play up till the time they can see. County cricket is nothing; it is the Saturday afternoon game which counts. There is not a big regular watching public for anything in the summer. They all do a bit of something themselves. It may be the garden; it may be cycling, or cricket, or running, or rowing, or walking, or fishing, or the thousand and one things that an open-air man can do, and that is the reason why Saturday afternoon sports are not attended in the summer by the great British public like football matches are in the winter.

And baseball without a big betting crowd of hero worshippers would be a poor game, wouldn't it? I shrewdly suspect that this tour has been taken as much in the interests of a big accessories firm as from any real desire to convert the world to the glorified rounders which the Americans call the National game.

* * *

GETTING READY FOR THE BOAT RACE.

Both 'Varsity crews are now in strict training for the boat race. The Cambridge eight had no eleventh hour changes made in the closing days of the work in the home waters, and it is thought that the Light Blues have got together a very fine crew. They have been doing grand work on the Ouse at Ely over the Adelaide course, and they will, it is expected, reach the Thames at Marlow, for their up river work, a very fast eight indeed.

Oxford made some drastic changes in their eight just before going into strict training. R. W. Fletcher and F. A. H. Pitman have returned to their original seats at stroke and bow respectively, and H. K. Ward takes the place of Horsley at No. 4. Walker has been advised by his doctor not to undertake the duties of cox, and another will have to be found, probably Ferguson. That the changes have been made is nothing against Oxford, who also look like having a crew quite up to the average this year.

* * *

TRAINING 'VARSITY ATHLETES.

While on the subject of 'Varsity athletics, I am glad to see that the Cambridge Athletic president has refuted the silly yarn that Mr. Webster was training the Light Blues in the American methods for the Inter-'Varsity match. Such a ludicrous absurdity could only get into the papers in one way, and those who know the facts of the case will appreciate what I mean, and those who don't had better ask those who do. By the way, how rarely it is that such stories get in the sporting pages of the papers. Correspondents and others who work these stunts into the dailies are very careful to give the sporting man of the paper a very wide berth.

A DOUBLE 'VARSITY BLUE.

An Oxford man has also been having something to Mr. A. G. Barry, to wit. It will be remembered that at Cambridge he played in the Inter-'Varsity golf Now he is in residence at Oxford he is going to get a blue, a unique distinction, I should imagine. Well people who do not know and cannot understand the that prevails in 'Varsity sport have waxed indignant and questioned Barry's sportsmanship.

In reply he says: "My love for the game will lead me to strike off the first tee at Rye with just a keenness for an Oxford victory as I had seven years for a Cambridge one. At the same time I hope for years to come to cheer Cambridge as lustily as in the Rugger match." Barry and Oxford and can surely be allowed to do as they please in their matches.

* * *

BILLIARDS.

One is pleased to welcome back Charles Dawson billiards arena. He played really well in his match Inman, who is as pleased as anyone to see the old returned to something like his old-time vigorous Congratulations to H. C. Virr, the amateur champion in beating J. Nugent, the Irish challenger, won the the fourth successive year.

* * *

STILL STRIFE AMONG THE LADIES.

After all there is to be no peace in the ladies' war, and there will be no joint management championship by the Ladies' Golf Union and Ladies' Golf Alliance. It had been thought the Alliance was accepting the proposals of the Union, it was as good as fixed, but at the last moment the A said that no good purpose would be served by a joint agement, and so there will be two championships. can be as silly as men when it comes to a sporting We cannot say anything when we remember our cycling, athletic, and swimming splits, but it is a pity nine times out of ten the causes are personal vanity. der if such is the case now.

THE CHIEL AMANG

The Law is the best paying profession, but it brings big returns—of rejected MSS.

* * *

When is Sir Frederick Low to be made a Judge?

* * *

Why was the weather-vane? Because it reigned.

* * *

A multitude of sins show through the charity that posed to cover them.

* * *

Mr. Balfour, speaking on the question of Ulster at meeting, said, "I am a man of law." Sad. Bonar slavishly followed Balfour, but now it seems Master has become the disciple.

* * *

Some people would cry over spilled milk even don't like milk in any form.

* * *

It was announced in the Sunday papers that Sir the fighting Carson, was about to be married, but indignantly denies the rumour. Fighting to the last There was probably a mistake in the transmission Press telegram and the "fore-shadowed marital ment" should have read "foreshadowed martial ment."

* * *

An epigram is a fool remark that people a because it is easy to remember.

* * *

Pearson's Weekly is ensuring mothers against of twins, and states that "Any reader" (no sex tioned) . . "who becomes the mother of twin receive a sum of £5." This seems to be a direct rather than an insurance.

* * *

Generating hot air is easier than getting up st

* * *

People have been told to look out for half made of pewter and coated with gold. Persona been on the look-out for any kind of half-sovereig years past.

INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT 3 to 4 INCHES

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."

E. L. (Muswell Hill, writes: "I now write to say, with pleasure, that I have gained another inch in height, which makes four. I have also benefited in health. I wish I had known of it sooner."

"Wanted," says the advertisement in the Situations Vacant column, "men of good appearance." That is simply another way of saying "tall men."

The tall man is always the man who is wanted. To him, and to him only, are the best positions open.

The Army, the Navy, the Police Forces, at home and abroad, all require tall men.

In the office it is just the same. The tall man is preferred because his personal influence is greater than that of a short man. He has a dominant physique, and what he says carries weight.

In all cases women prefer tall men. The advantage of being tall is therefore as great socially as it is in a business way.

Do you realise that your stature is a thing which rests in your own hands? You can increase your height by means of my special exercises just as easily as you can increase the size of your arm or your chest.

All the time I require you to devote to my exercises is ten minutes each morning and evening. They are very interesting and pleasant to perform, and, as no appliances are used in connection with them, there is no danger of overstrain. Besides increasing your height, my exercises will greatly improve your physique and general fitness, and you will be delighted with them in every way. In three months' time my system will make you taller by from two to four inches, and you will be stronger and healthier than you ever were before.

I do not undertake the treatment of cases where the student is over forty, as after that age the cartilaginous cushions of the spine are in most cases not susceptible to increase, and a disappointed pupil would be no recommendation to me.

PROOF.

W. F. H. (Newport) writes.—"I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

G. H. B. (Bradford) writes:—"I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4 feet 9½ inches, but it is now 5 feet, an increase of 2½ inches, which I think is very good."

Lance-Cpl. F. C. Y. (Chatham) writes:—"Am truly astonished and delighted with the result, which is this—a gain of one inch in a month. This I consider remarkable and a splendid testimony to the efficacy and value of your system and the exercises which you prescribed for me; taking into consideration the fact that I have been in the Army some time, and a considerable time having elapsed since I completed all drill and gymnastics as a recruit."

W. B. (Kenley) writes:—"When I commenced your course my height was 5ft. 2½ins. I am glad to be able to say that it is now 5ft. 4½ins. This is all actual increase, as I was very upright before I started your course. As regards general fitness, I must say it has increased marvellously."

J. P. (Ascot) writes:—"I am now over two inches taller than I was before I started using your exercises."

W. S. (Somerset) writes after eight weeks of my exercises: "I am feeling very much better than I did before I started them. I have gained two inches in height, and one inch round the chest; also half an inch round the calf, and three-quarters round the thigh."

W. W. H. (Stroud) writes: "I am now commencing your tenth lesson, and am very pleased to tell you that since commencing I have increased two inches in actual height, and am well pleased with your exercises; am also feeling as well as ever in my life."

R. J. W. (Spennymoor) writes: "Progress very satisfactory, and quite up to expectations."

J. H. (Workington) writes: "I feel a champion since commencing your course."

A. K. (Southsea) writes:—"I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2¼ inches."

The full name and addresses of these and many other students who heartily recommend my system will be sent to all interested readers.

Write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN, The Six-Foot Specialist,
Dept. M, 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "AURIGA."

THE MEXICAN SITUATION has been more talked about this week than anything else, and we shall hear much more about it yet, but the newspapers generally do not seem to be adequately informed as to the real situation. We advised the sale of all Mexican securities three weeks ago, but it was not until yesterday that there was any considerable fall in values. We still advise sale, as further and more drastic reductions are sure to come. There cannot be any intervention at the present stage. The United States administration, having removed the embargo on the exportation of arms to Mexico, has played into the rebels' hands, and strengthened General Villa's position considerably, benefiting at the same time American manufacturers of arms and ammunition.

* * *

The points for investors to consider are—which party will be able to pacify the country most expeditiously and quickly, and what policy will the winning party pursue in regard to Mexico's foreign liabilities when pacification is complete. No one can say definitely that General Villa, if he wins the Presidency, will not attempt a repudiation of at any rate some of Mexico's foreign liabilities. His great idea is Mexico for the Mexicans, and as he is proving able to hold the rebel forces absolutely loyal to himself, and is day by day finding many more adherents, he believes he can overcome every opposition. He appears to bear a charmed life, and, if the government of the whole country comes into his hands, would quickly have everything in respect of the internal workings of the country in good order. How he would deal with financial and foreign interests is a crucial point. In the district as present under Villa's control he has already ordered the people to proceed with their general business, and commanded the resumption of the public utility services, the day by day profits from which he commandeers in order to pay his soldiers.

* * *

With the probability of an increase of power to Villa and an extension of his methods over a wider area, it is hopeless to expect anything but losses on Mexican securities for some time to come.

MARKETS GENERALLY HAVE BEEN IDLE. The public are laying out practically all their money in new issues, and the expected boom on the Stock Exchange has fallen through. Consols are lower, and are still being realised. The New Pretoria scrip is at a discount. The underwriters of the City of Dunedin loan have been left with about 85 p.c. of the £150,000 offered. Municipal stocks are weaker, notably the Brazilians. There is talk of a new loan for Brazil, but the difficulties are formidable, and very powerful sponsors would be required to make anything like a success after the fiasco of the 1913 Brazilian loan.

* * *

KAFFIRS REMAIN FIRM—in fact, they are about the only firm spot in the mining market. Diamond shares have received some support, and at their present price De Beers look very cheap.

* * *

HOME RAILWAYS naturally followed the downward lead of Consols, with slightly lower prices all round. The Great Northern, Great Western, and Great Central show increased traffics, and the North Western, Midland, and Caledonian show decreases. The heavies are sound investments, but the yield does not nearly come up to the average yield from equally safe American rails.

* * *

THE AMERICAN MARKET is extremely dull. This is put down to the uncertainty of the Mexican situation, but if there were any vitality whatever in business on Wall Street, the Mexican business would have been of little account. The uncertainty about the freight rate decision of the Inter-State Commission has considerably weakened quotations.

* * *

CANADIAN RAILWAYS show big decreases in traffic since the first of the year, and are limp accordingly. There are some apprehensions regarding the position of Canadian Northern Finance. Immigrations show a slight increase. Arrangements are being made to transport a colony of German settlers, all of whom are well instructed in farming, to a tract of 28,000 acres in Saskatchewan, near the Manitoba boundary.

The Grand Trunk Pacific's new branch line enters Winnipegary this week, and the total extensions of this Company last year and this year will amount to over £17,000.

* * *

AMONGST OIL SHARES, Lobitos have been very strong, and there is renewed demand for Roumanian consolidated since the receipt of a favourable cable on the Kern Rivers, too, have reflected the recent favourable from the property. Premier Oils remain uncertain. Ekop Premiers and Anglo-Maikops are advancing. A boom in oils, which was expected about the opening of the year, is still talked of in many quarters.

* * *

RUBBER IS QUIET, and Rubber Trusts dull. Cheap rubber has seen its best days. Large users of rubber have for some time been experimenting with a view to doing away with the necessity of rubber for vehicles, and the success, which is now practically assured, will mean eventually a considerable, though gradual, reduction in the demand for rubber.

* * *

HARRODS STORES.—The report for the past year shows a profit balance of £205,181, and after placing £25,000 to reserve, and setting aside £48,000, being 8 per cent. on the Ordinary share capital, there remains a balance of £132,181 divisible between the Founders' and Ordinary shares. The total amount available for the Ordinary shares is £100,000, out of which the directors recommend a final dividend of 12 per cent., making 20 per cent. for the year, and in addition a bonus of 6 per cent., leaving £18,026 to be carried forward.

* * *

HARRODS STORES FOUNDERS' SHARES. The accounts for the past year show an available balance of £89,981, out of which the directors recommend a final dividend of 58 per cent., making 63 per cent for the year, leaving £2,261 to be carried forward.

ST. IVEL, LIMITED.—The report for 1913 shows, after writing off all advertising expenses and allowing for depreciation, the profits amount to £10,669. The directors recommend a dividend of 5d. per 1s. share for the six months on the Ordinary shares, place £500 to reserve, and carry £2,922 forward.

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Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers
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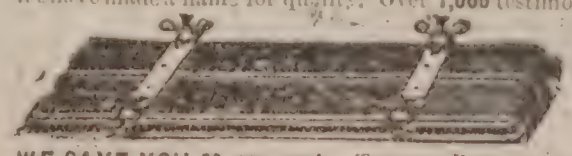
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66, BALHAM HILL, LONDON, S.W.

A PAGE OF DIAMOND'S

The men whose photographs appear in this advertisement have won £9,000 in cash between them. Diamond's square dealing was responsible. There are hundreds of others who have equally good reason to thank our fair and honest methods.

Read what the Editor of "John Bull" says—

"We have no reason to modify the favourable view we have formed of Mr. Diamond's methods of business. The more we see of them the more justified we feel in the advice we have given to our readers. H. Diamond's sweepstakes are perfectly genuine."

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9

10

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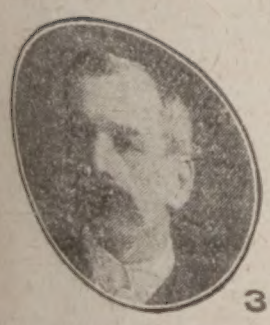
3

4 WINNERS OF £1,000 EACH

4

Winners of £1,000.

1. R. P. Weeks, 50 Bailey Street, Brynmawr, Brecon, S. Wales.
2. Geo. W. Webb, J.P., Architect, Market Place Chambers, Reading.
3. J. Jobson, 12 Panmure Street, Dundee.
4. F. C. Papworth, 127 Felsham Rd., Putney, London.

Winners of £500.

1. W. H. Blackshaw, The Lea, Denham, Bucks.
2. H. Colchin, Junr., The Woolpack Inn, Iwade, Sittingbourne, Kent.
3. A. B. Wyatt, 3 Falmer Road, Enfield, Middlesex.
4. B. Ainley, 10 Hamilton St., Old Trafford, Manchester.
5. W. H. Cowdery, The Forrester's Arms, Coxgreen, Maidenhead.
6. T. Philips, 34 The Park, Treharris.
7. F. Smith, 241 High Street, Porth, Glam.
8. C. J. Goulter, 1 St. George's Road, Kingston Hill, Surrey.
9. W. Hargrave, Royal Marine Infirmary, Deal.
10. E. M. Hughes, Tan-Lan, Bethesda, N. Wales.

RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

Interest in the Spring handicaps at the moment is chiefly centred in the doings of Grand National candidates. Several have sported silk during the past few days, and the most attractive display given by any of them was that of Jacobus, at Manchester. Jacobus had not done anything of note for some time, and in winning the Salford Steeplechase Mr. Bower Ismay's horse showed that he has returned to quite his best form. The opposition in this race was not particularly good, but Jacobus was conceding between 16lb to 32lb. to all six of the other competitors, and the manner in which he jumped, considering that he was carrying 12st. 7lb., was decidedly impressive. He has been allotted 11st. 2lb. in the Grand National, and with this weight he appears to possess a decent chance, particularly when his form of two seasons ago is taken into consideration. Then, when a five-year-old, in ten outings he won seven times, his most notable success being in the Welsh Grand National Steeplechase at Cardiff. At that period Jacobus was trained by Coulthwaite, so it may at once be said that he had the best of tuition in his early days. Jacobus has on two occasions competed at Liverpool, and it is worthy of mention that both times he started favourite, but failed. He made his debut on the Aintree course in the Stanley Steeplechase, in which he came to grief last April, and on the following day in the Champion Steeplechase he finished fifth to Twelfth Lancer at level weights. In this year's Grand National the King's horse has to concede him 5lb.

Of course, Mr. Bower Ismay may prefer to be represented by his other candidate, Bloodstone, at Liverpool. Bloodstone's impost is 11st. 7lb.—only 1lb. more than he carried when second to Jerry M in 1912—but the old horse is somewhat unreliable these days. His most recent form in finishing third to Lord Marcus and Lamentable in the Broughton Steeplechase at Manchester over the same three miles Jacobus had won over the previous afternoon was not so good as that of his stable companion albeit he also was carrying 12st. 7lb., and the pair that beat him were receiving 33lb. and 12lb. respectively. Still, as Bloodstone is an uncertain customer I prefer Jacobus of the two, and there is little doubt that F. Hartigan will have the son of Wavelet's Pride—Kendaline at his best on March 27th.

His Majesty's steeplechaser, Twelfth Lancer, quite disgraced himself at Kempton Park where he was making his first appearance on a course since he won at Sandown Park last April. Opposed to five moderate horses in the Trial Handicap Steeplechase Twelfth Lancer naturally started an odds-on favourite, despite the fact that he failed to please the critics in the paddock. He was heavily bandaged on all four legs, but he looked very fit, although he stands over a lot at the knees. In the actual race his impetuosity caused him to blunder slightly at the first fence, but afterwards his jumping was so good that most people were surprised when he tumbled over at the water jump during the second time round. That the race was won by the selling plater Lynch Pin proves the quality of the remaining competitors, and the winner and George B, who was second, had curiously enough declined their engagements in the Selling race which opened the proceedings on the same afternoon.

On this form Twelfth Lancer's chance of winning the Aintree race is very remote, but as he has already twice been successful over portions of the difficult Liverpool country, too much attention should not be paid to his recent failure, as his long absence from a racecourse may have had something to do with it. Still, after seeing him at Kempton Park I now greatly prefer the prospects of other of Mr. P. Whitaker's charges, of whom the selected of Lord Derby's pair, Carrigrue and Axle Pin, seems to hold an excellent chance of success. Carrigrue, in particular, appears to be a very genuine candidate, and in grouping him with Jacobus, and the pick of Sir George Bullough's trio—Regent, who won a steeplechase over three-and-a-quarter miles at Ludlow the other day in really good style, Ilston, and Ballymacad—I have mentioned those whom I will bear chiefly in mind when making my final selection for the race.

There has been little news lately in connection with the Lincolnshire, but now that trainers have started their candidates in serious work we shall soon have plenty of wagering. Backers continue to show a great liking for Cuthbert, who it is probable will maintain a prominent position in the market until the day. For those of my readers with a partiality for doubles, I suggest that the names of Warrior, Cuthbert, and Romeo should be coupled Grand National candidates I have already mentioned.

Four meetings are down for decision this week. occupies Monday and Tuesday, Gatwick and Haydock clash on Wednesday and Thursday and Hurst fills the bill on Friday and Saturday.

The Derbyshire Handicap Steeplechase on the day at Derby may be won by Byzlar, the Friary Hurdle by Lucus, and the Selling Handicap Steeplechase Miss Grudon. The Doveridge Handicap Hurdle on should fall to Catch Penny, the Rangemore Steeplechase to Sunloch, and the Spondon Selling to Claret Lad.

The International Hurdle at Gatwick on Wednesday fall to Red Damsel, the March Steeplechase to and the Four-Year-old Handicap Hurdle to Misty On the concluding day Periward should secure the Handicap Steeplechase, Castleton the Copthorne and Wild Aster the Gorse Handicap Hurdle.

At Haydock Park on Wednesday the Flixton Steeplechase may be won by Lord Marcus, the March Handicap Hurdle chase by Memento, and the Golbourne Handicap Steeplechase Cannock Lass. The Newton Handicap Steeplechase following day should fall to Heathstone, the Glaze Handicap Hurdle to Closewood Beck, and the Club Hurdle to Tenbury.

Hurst Park will provide the best racing of the week interest on the opening day will be centred in the Chase Steeplechase, which will bring out several Grand horses. The prize may be won by Covertcoat. Arms should win the Stanley Handicap Steeplechase same afternoon, and Grey Leg IV., the Walton Steeplechase. On Saturday Twelfth Lancer may his Kempton Park failure by winning the Hurst Steeplechase; the Priory Hurdle may fall to Quickfire the Novices' Hurdle to Excelsior.

OUR FOOTBALL COMPETITIONS

In common, no doubt, with most of the other which promote Football Competitions we receive, announcement of results, many letters claiming a the prize. On the bare word of an unknown who probably has not even kept a copy of his are expected to make a scrutiny of several coupons at very considerable expense to We have done this on one or two occasions only to the coupon of the claimant does not coincide with ments in his letter. Consequently we have of late ignored all such claims, as we are quite entitled to the conditions ruling the competition.

For Competition No. 5, however, we have made ception to this general rule, as we received seven to participation in the prize awarded, and one claim whole of the prize.

After a careful scrutiny of the whole of the coupons ceived we have found that the latter claim is substantiated and that the claimant did in fact predict the winners sixteen out of the twenty matches given on the coupon. It is with very great reluctance therefore that we feel compelled to award him the prize of 10s. per week for one year and to withhold payment from the 29 competitors whose names were announced in our issue dated February

The winner of our No. 5 Football Competition is

MR. JOHN PARKER,
6, Sandringham Road, Gosforth,
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SIXTH FOOTBALL COMPETITION

Two competitors were successful in forecasting the correct result of sixteen out of the twenty matches on the coupon, and the consolation prize of 10s. per week for one year is accordingly divided between them.

Their names are:—

MR. C. S. JOHNSON,
"Todhurst," Yapton, Arundel.

and

MAURICE W. COADY,
206, Gorton Lane, Gorton, Manchester.

HE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

ide paper, in prognosticating the trend of fashion n in spring and summer of this year, advances the that checks, browns, and greys will be the predomi- nes, and in the order named.

* * *

means that checks are to be the strong feature this ut I question this. I certainly have not seen any n of a rush for checks, nor any indication of the lass tailors having provided in their stocks for any sh. Still I presume one may reasonably assume cks will be more seen in our streets this year than n the case recently.

* * *

e way, a spice of novelty in trouserings may be his season. The usual and somewhat hackneyed e and worsted stripes will be rivalled by those in make; that is, the smooth, very dressy worsted e way to the more rough, the less closely spun and Cheviot fabric. Black morning coat and vest with trousers is, of course, a distinct change in style hion, and up-to-date readers should note it.

* * *

istol reader again writes me about the cap he wants one with a series of ventilating holes protected from h wire gauzing. He says he has found it most able running to hounds, but cannot find any hatter n renew the one he has had for some years, and s now getting beyond respectable use.

* * *

gine this device and style should be excellent for wear—shooting, cycling, etc., but as to the difficulty espondent is in, why should he not select the shape, d material of cap he wants, and, either by his hatter, little home ingenuity and handiness, have a series punched out at the desired points, and have the les protected by gauze, sewn inside. Such gauze y procurable from any good ironmonger, and the in easily done.

* * *

., Dartford, asks for advice upon a dress suit he t to have built—number of buttons on coat and t, braiding on trousers, cut and finish.

* * *

present style is to show three buttons on each side t of coat, placed on a slope corresponding with the the lapel, two buttons on waistcoat, and the points t away. Braiding on trousers is a matter of taste, es advisable, sometimes not. It is a pronounced newhat aggressive style, which the moderate man t usually venture upon, and which requires a tall, lt man, of good appearance, to carry off with ge.

* * *

n it comes to expert advice upon "cut and finish," I sphere of usefulness upon paper is at an end. If or entrusted with the engineering of this dress suit fer' then a volume from me will not help matters, he knows his business words from me would be a

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ss coat is a conjunction of knowledge of cutting, nt of lines of figure and the treatment of them, natise of little details in finish. I therefore recom- the investor in a dress suit to put himself in the of a good tailor and pay a reasonable price which ve proper margin for good material, artistic and cutting, and the best workmanship.

* * *

any reader give me the name and address of the hatter with initials N.H.? A Barrow-in-Furness ondent has had the luck to pick up, by accident, a ell-shaped hat of exceptional quality with these monogrammed on a black silk label on the inside, anxious to purchase another and similar one.

* * *

in Saunders will be pleased to answer in this column e concerning any problem of dress. Readers requiring pt reply should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Owing to a growing practice among alleged artists of copying drawings which have appeared in this journal, we find it necessary to state that—with the exception of pictures which may appear on our page of contemporary humour, the source of which is always acknowledged—all the illustrations in *Modern Life* are original and drawn specially for this paper. Copyists who persist in transgressing the laws of copyright do so at their own peril. The originals of sketches which have appeared in these pages are for sale. Prices on application to the Editor.

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